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From Beginning

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CONTENTS

The National Aspirations of Italy . . . . . GUGLIELMO FERRERO 193
From Le Figaro

A Visit to Strassburg . . . . . HILAIRE BELLOC 196
From Land and Water

Aboard the German Fleet in Scapa Flow 201
From the Kölnische Zeitung

The League of Nations: Guarding the Guardians . . J. O. P. BLAND 204
From the Nineteenth Century and After

A Public Servant: A Story . . . . . W. PETT RIDGE 214
From the Cornhill Magazine

British Courts-martial . . . . . MAJOR GERALD B. HURST, M.P. 222
From the Contemporary Review

The Old Lighterman: A Sussex Sketch . . . . SHEILA KAYE-SMITH 228
From Everyman

James Russell Lowell: A British Estimate . . . . R. ELLIS ROBERTS 231
From the Bookman

The Present State of the English Language 236
From the Saturday Review

Home Again . . . . . N. GODFREY 238
From the Manchester Guardian

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

Facing Realities in France . . . . . J. H. ROSNY 241
From La Dépêche de Toulouse

Nationalization . . . . . HAROLD COX 242
From the Times

The Part of Coal and Iron in a French Peace 245
From the New Europe

The Situation in French Exchange 247
From the Economist

Talk of Europe 249
A Conrad Play — The Pope and the Peace Conference — Without Security — The Almanach de Gotha for 1919 — A New Abbey Theatre Play — An Apocryphal Story of Lloyd George — The Book World of Paris — Dogs of War — The American Invasion of Spain — The Psychology of Juliet — French Peasants — Sir Redvers Buller's Ghost Story — Trotzky's Naval Preparations — The New Westminster Bells — A Rupert Brooke Memorial — Recruiting in the Past.

The Editor's Note-Book 255

A PAGE OF VERSE

The Arras Road . . . . . LAURENCE BINYON 256
From the Anglo-French Review

Nocturne . . . . . C. DELISLE BURNS 256
From the Athenæum

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THE NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS OF ITALY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THE national aspirations of Italy are before the Peace Conference. To disclose these aspirations, as the whole nation beholds them, and to reveal the clear and simple principles which underlie them, should not be a matter without interest.

A nation is a moral unity which seeks to realize, as far as it may be possible, its material unity — geographic, economic, and political. If the theory of natural frontiers has been carried too far, it is none the less true that only the possession of natural frontiers can render perfect, sure, and definite the historic formation of a nationality. What wars have desolated the earth simply because great plains offer, to divide peoples and states, only the ideal lines traced by the strength of men! Now if there is one country in Europe of which nature has made a perfect geographic unity it is Italy. In all epochs, geographers have seen in the Alps the natural frontiers of that peninsula destined to be the first hearth of civilization in Europe.

It can easily be understood, therefore, how Italy came to include among her war ambitions, the aim of gathering to herself the northern and eastern crests of the Alps, that is to say, the frontiers which Augustus had assigned to Italy, but which were held in 1914, by the Austrian Empire. By advancing to that line, and by annexing the Trentino and Istria, Italy would achieve, at one and the same time, both her geographical and her national unity. She would be, in Europe, the almost perfect model of the nation which, should a desire for war seize upon her, must face the greatest difficulties in attacking others, possessing, the while, the best facilities of defense in case she were attacked by others.

It is true that national unity does not everywhere and at all times correspond to geographic unity, above all in Istria little Slavic groups are rooted within the frontiers which Italy considers as her natural boundaries. The populations in this region are so mingled, that it would be impossible to trace a frontier respecting all races and languages without shattering in an absurd manner all political and administrative unity. The question to be decided, therefore, is this — from which one of the two races and languages shall the power which governs Istria take its national character? Can one

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have doubts on this point? The Slavs who people Istria are quite in the same situation as are certain European groups who inhabit so many regions and towns of America; that is to say, these Slavs are an immigrant minority who crossed the Alps little by little, and have established themselves in the rural districts and the towns as shepherds, farmers, and workingmen; they have come to fill the gaps made in the ranks of the native-born by wars or epidemics. The ancient race which first peopled this region, built the towns, and organized the State were of Italian stock. Can one refuse a first inhabitant the right of preserving for his country the national character which he has given it, and its geographic and moral unity?

These little Slavic minorities, however, are not the only alien groups to be found within the borders of the kingdom of Italy. In the western Alps are to be found French populations, and in the central Alps, German groups. One and the other are the flotsam of old immigrations or invasions. For more than fifty years, these populations have lived under Italian law and made no complaint. They have their schools, and they have never been made the object of a campaign of forced denationalization. Each family is left free either to keep its native language or choose the Italian tongue, or even to mix unhindered with both nationalities as it may desire. The fortune of the little Slavic groups of Istria will not be dissimilar.

Somewhat outside the question of the geographical boundaries of the peninsula, we find the matter of Fiume which is at this moment exciting Italian opinion in the highest degree. This question thrust itself suddenly upon Europe, indeed, the armistice was scarcely signed. To understand this matter, one must have a clear idea of the situation in which Fiume had been placed by the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Fiume is an ancient Italian town surrounded by Slavic rural districts, a town which has preserved its Italian character in spite of the presence of a number of Hungarian, Croatian, and German elements in much the same way that New York, in spite of its millions of Europeans, preserves its American character. This town, while under the domination of the Hapsburgs, had been incorporated with Hungary, whose port upon the Adriatic it became. The town was, therefore, subjected to foreign domination. Her situation, however, had certain compensations which rendered it tolerable. Fiume was not only a self-governing city rejoicing in certain privileges; it was also the second port of one of the great powers of Europe, and formed part of an empire which held a high cultural rank. For an Italian city, founded and inhabited by a people able to claim the right of the first-born among the civilized peoples of Europe, this compensation had a capital importance. One can thus conceive of Fiume remaining part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, while Trieste passed into the hands of Italy; that is, if in 1918 as in 1859 and 1866, the Hapsburg Empire had managed to save itself by yielding part of its territory. This explains why the Treaty of London did not deal with the case of Fiume.

But the Austro-Hungarian Empire has disappeared, and from its disappearance is born the question of Fiume. If Fiume had been able to stay in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the town could never have been incorporated, without violence and injustice, into that new Slav State which is rising on the ruins of Austria. The old Italian town would lose its rank and its privileges of self-government; it would

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pass from one of the great empires and high cultures of Europe to a secondary state, one which will undoubtedly make a brilliant campaign in the field of higher culture, but still has to win its entrance to that domain; the town, unable to rejoin those of its own nationality, would again undergo a foreign domination. For Fiume alone, the world war, which is bringing to so many peoples both liberty and the satisfaction of national aspirations, would appear as a calamity and a disaster. But Fiume cannot accept this fate without becoming a dangerous hotbed of discontent and a permanent cause of discord among the neighboring states.

There remains, moreover, the question of the military security of the Adriatic and the Italian towns and centres of Italian life which flower upon the eastern coast, last vestiges of Venetian colonization, Zara, Spalato, Sebenico, etc. I shall avoid here entering upon those lively discussions which have burst forth in Italy concerning the wisest solution of these two questions. I shall content myself with saying that whatever the solution adopted may be, it will be welcomed by the Italian people if it gives them satisfaction in regard to the two points they cherish most. Italy desires that the eastern coast of the Adriatic, so rich in ports and islands (a famous nest of pirates since classic times), shall not be able to threaten the western coast which is almost defenseless. She desires also that the Italian groups of the eastern coast shall be able to live in peace and freely develop their national life. Italy cannot long tolerate these towns and groups being the object of persecution or a campaign of violent denationalization, even were these attacks disguised.

Such are the foundation stones of the national aspirations of Italy. In order that they may be recognized, the Italian people look above all to President Wilson's high spirit of justice, and to the warm friendship of France.

By his disinterested impartiality, President Wilson has been able to dominate, in the rôle of judge and arbiter, this terrible tragedy of Europe. We hope, therefore, that he will recognize that in all the questions Italy is looking less to the matter of territorial annexation than to the matter of sustaining and bringing to a triumphant conclusion certain cherished principles. Compared with the terrible sacrifices which we have made, 500,000 dead, 80,000,000,000 spent, our existence disordered for half a century, the territory which Italy claims is but small. Fiume, whose fate is the object of the lively anxiety of the entire nation, is only a pretty little town of 45,000 inhabitants. There is no comparison possible between the territorial gains which Italy will make and those which Serbia will attain. But these territories, small though they be in extent, are symbols to us of certain principles which are vital to the whole world—complete emancipation of Italian populations from all foreign domination, the achievement of the moral and geographic unity of the nation, the security of frontiers and seas, the possibility of playing a part in the political system which will assure Europe the peace and liberty of all peoples, both great and small. We have willingly borne all the sacrifices necessary to carry to victory in war these very principles; we hope to rejoice in their triumph as far as justice and the safety of western civilization so require us.

As for France, we hope that she will support our just claims, for a reason based upon principles of more general import than our special interests. The Slavic world has entered, the Teutonic

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world will soon enter, the era of revolution. It is easy to foresee that the struggle will be long, serious, complicated, and that its consequences will be endless. Therefore, we must oppose to the convulsions and madness which will convulse the Slavic and Germanic peoples the political and moral firmness of states, in which reason and justice will still hold sway. In Continental Europe, only France and Italy can accomplish this mission, on which depends, perhaps, the salvation of Europe. Thus the situation of a century ago is reversed. But in order to attain this end, Italy and France must be united, and to be united they must make peace as they made war, in full accord as to their aspirations and their principles.

Le Figaro

A VISIT TO STRASSBURG

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE first thing one has to say about Strassburg in contrast with Metz is that it is well fed; and not only well fed, but generally well provided with all the necessities of life, particularly heat and light. I desire to return to this point because I think it has been gravely misunderstood in this country, and it is one upon which I can give personal testimony.

There are, I repeat, three belts in Western Europe; of the rest I know nothing. There is the belt of comparative plenty, which includes Great Britain and much the greater part of France. Here there are hindrances and annoyances and restrictions, but not want.

Next, there is the battle zone, or, rather, that further part of it, communications to which have been destroyed, and here there is very acute distress. It was not only lack of food, but complete absence, in certain places, of certain kinds of necessary food and lack of sufficient fuel for every purpose. Moreover, the unfortunate people inhabiting this belt have been suffering such conditions for a long while past. They were made to suffer them, of course, long before the areas which the German Government hoped to keep were affected. All their cattle were driven away; all their stocks were looted; all their machinery destroyed; and their sources of fuel deliberately put out of use.

Next, there comes a belt lying well behind the line of the armistice which presents a marked contrast. It is, of course, suffering from far worse restriction than the mass of France or the whole of England. Meat is strictly rationed and insufficient; milk very difficult to obtain; and fats, especially soap, almost absent. But, compared with the hunger belt, it is luxury.

I am talking of something I have seen with my own eyes and experienced in daily expenditure. I may be told that meals can be got in a restaurant although the people are starving. But to that I answer that in a town like Valenciennes you do not find these

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famous 'meals in restaurants' at all, and that in the towns behind the armistice line you find them both abundant and cheap.

In Valenciennes, after looking about me for the best part of an hour, I got something to eat at last in a peasant's shop, and there were with me, sitting at the same table, two French women of the people, a carter, and a man who had been driving a lorry. We had a perfectly uneatable mess of rice, and small scraps of I know not what sort of meat; a little dark, impossible bread and a scrap of cheese, and we everyone of us paid three francs for that accommodation, and thought ourselves lucky to get it. Anywhere in the Palatinate or Alsace, one could get an excellent meal for the same price, but not in Metz. And, what is more to the point, instead of having to look for it everywhere until you found one miserable hole in the wall, the eating-places east of the enemy lines were as numerous as in peace time. And this is talking of food only. In the matter of fuel there was no comparison. Coal is lavishly used everywhere in the Palatinate and in the Rhine valley and in Alsace, and all the consequences of such use in light and heat are apparent everywhere.

This contrast shows itself, as I have said, externally in the great difference of life and happiness and movement between the battle zone and what lies east of it. Nowhere did I find that contrast more striking than between the two towns which have been linked in the mind of educated Europe for fifty years, Metz and Strassburg.

Metz is distinctly a town in the battle zone. It is not nearly as badly off as Valenciennes but it is indefinitely more badly off than Strassburg. I think that anyone who has had such a personal experience as I have would, in speaking about this question of supply, be compelled to clear his mind. If, for some political reason, you desire to give our former enemies priority of supply, well and good. But if you are acting upon another motive, either that of humanity or in the general public utility of Europe, then there is no question at all but that the belt, including Lille and Valenciennes and Metz itself, is crying out for things which are amply present in the so-called 'occupied area.'

If anyone connected with the proprietorship of our great daily newspapers, who may read these lines, doubts what I say he can try for himself. Let him get leave to send some one, say, to Valenciennes — or, better still, go himself — and live there for a week without going into any officers' mess or club, or depending in any way upon the army, and find what he shall find. After that, let him go into the Palatinate or Alsace, under the same conditions.

Strassburg, then, like all towns behind the battle zone, I found thoroughly alive, full of movement, and the streets and shops overflowing. It was a big, bustling European town in which war could be half-forgotten, and the difference between it and Metz was the difference between life and death.

We must remember, in this connection, that the whole of Western Germany and Alsace, and most of Lorraine is ignorant of the physical effect of war upon its own soil, save for occasional air-raids; and even this exception did not affect Strassburg. This absence of the physical effect of war has, I think, a profound effect upon the mind. I do not know what the attitude of the average Englishman would be toward the war if three English counties, let us say, had been completely devastated, their people massacred or enslaved, their public monuments destroyed, and most of their villages

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wiped out. The moral reactions of this sort of thing are incalculable. But I am certain that if this had happened the whole attitude of the people would be utterly different. So with the Palatinate and Alsace and much of Lorraine behind the battle line. You feel that you have here a population which has known war through an appalling death-list, through privation, and through the constant peril of change, but not through invasion and devastation. And I am confident that those two last factors make all the difference. They will affect the mind of Europe for a generation, and nothing will lead to more misunderstanding or perhaps to a stronger policy upon the part of those who have suffered as contrasted with those who have not.

For a town whose language is German, and whose traditions and most of whose architecture are of the old German sort, Strassburg has got more French in the last twenty-odd years since I had last seen it. This was probably due to a reaction. But one heard French in the streets, though spoken with that very strong German accent which marks the Alsatian, and there seemed to be more French cooking about and French habits generally.

All this question of the fundamental German character of Alsatian civilization and its curious connection with a strong French patriotism is exceedingly difficult to put clearly. It has been muddled by I know not what 'scientific' arguments about the shapes of heads, place names, folk-lore, and all the rest of the hypothetical nonsense. The plain facts are simple enough, and the real difficulty of putting them rightly is that we have no parallel to them in this country.

What happened in the case of Alsace was this:

During the two hundred and fifty years between from the older to the modern world, and particularly during the annealing process of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars which clinched it, Alsace was part of the French commonwealth. For centuries it had been, though a mosaic of free towns, ecclesiastical, and civil estates, etc., one of the many subdivisions into which the marches of the empire had fallen. These marches had nothing approaching a national feeling until one got well into the upper valleys of the Moselle and the Meuse. They were not divided one from another by language, or by the somewhat separate cultures accompanying difference of language, which we to-day make the mark of nationality. A man living twenty miles east of Metz, and talking a dialect in which most of the words were of what we call German sound (half of these perhaps Latin in origin) did not feel himself to be a different kind of man from the townsman of Metz who talked pure French. Luxemburg talked a German dialect among the people, and its wealthier governing class was bi-lingual, with French as a habit. Colmar three hundred years ago certainly talked nothing but German, but it had no conception of a definite frontier beyond which an alien and hostile people talked another language. The whole thing was a hotch-potch of local customs, speech, and tradition.

Then came that great change in public thought which produced sharp boundaries and highly centralized, highly defined States. It was like the baking of clay in an oven. What had been soft and indefined became hard and rigid, and all during that process Alsace happened to be attached to the French group. It became in feeling as French as Wales is British.

Historical arguments which neglect this glaring present and modern truth

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have that particular vice of pedantry which makes them the worst form of falsehood. There are people in this country who draw a line between what they call Celtic and what they call Teutonic in the British Islands, and then puzzle themselves over the question of Home Rule, and wonder why Kerry thinks differently from Cardiff. These people are about as practical as the people who think of Alsace as an integral part of the modern German State. It is nothing of the kind. Its tradition and meaning, its way of looking at itself, is French, and not German. The line of cleavage does not lie between Alsace and French-speaking Lorraine, or between German-speaking Lorraine and French-speaking Lorraine. It lies upon the Upper Rhine.

But to this there must be added two other disturbing factors. During the last generation Alsace and Lorraine, including the French-speaking part which was annexed, and especially the town of Metz, as we have seen, was filled largely artificially, but in part also by the natural play of a common political arrangement, with immigrants from the East, while, at the same time, a certain proportion of the original inhabitants emigrated. You had here a phenomenon comparable to that of Ireland, spread over a much shorter period of time, but more intense in effect.

Secondly, the great industrial development of the new Prussian Empire erected in 1871 powerfully affected the annexed territory, and especially Alsace. The population of Strassburg doubled, and the town became attached by a hundred economic links with the new development of the Rhine Valley lower down. Both these effects will remain under the new state of affairs, and will add to the complexity of the problem. The effects of the first will disappear earliest, for there was a great floating mass of opinion, as there always is, which accepted alien rule, but now that it is free is glad to show distaste for it.

I say again that the explanation was probably a reaction. Strassburg had far more opportunities of standing out than had Metz. It thoroughly understood its conquerors and it disliked them with a dislike peculiar to those who understand. Metz was simply bewildered. When, therefore, Strassburg began to enjoy a somewhat more liberal régime — about half way through the annexed generation — Strassburg was able to react.

It is particularly noticeable that the old German architecture of the town and the contrasting French eighteenth-century work of which there is a little — the noblest example being Rohan's Archiepiscopal Palace — have been far less plastered over with the startling modern Prussian stuff than has Metz. Indeed, these excrescences are hardly noticeable. I saw one big shop in the High Street which might have come out of Berlin and here and there a modern archway in the sham cyclopean style which reaches its nadir in the Leipzig monument. But no general effect upon the town was apparent. Externally Strassburg in spite of its growth has remained the same and morally, I say, shows this slight but appreciable reaction toward French habits, which has been going on for the last twenty-odd years. The large influx of French officials and garrison affects the town curiously little, whether in appearance or habit. They seem to fit in well enough and there is an end of it. The cathedral, so far as I could judge in so short a visit, was untouched and unspoiled altogether. I fancy it would be regarded by its late masters as a special monument, and I am certain that the strict and jealous local autonomy of Strassburg would have done

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everything to protect it against defacement such as Metz has suffered.

It will be interesting to see what the French do with the University; whether they will leave it in its partially restored condition (excluding, of course, the 'planted' element) or whether they will bring it into line with the general French system. I think — though I have very few elements on which to judge — that they will be wise to change it as little as possible. The Alsatian has always been intensely attached to his province, which he rightly regards as a little nation, and the more that feeling is respected the better. It is a problem attached to the larger religious problem, which will also have to be faced and which it will certainly be wise to solve upon the same lines. For the religion of the province is mixed. A Catholic majority, of course, a large Protestant minority — nearly one third if I remember right without books of reference at my elbow — and a considerable Jewish body; the Protestants counting more than their numerical weight on account of their industrial position. But the recent development of the French division upon religion has not touched Alsace; neither the attack upon the Church schools and organization, nor the reaction against that attack. Strassburg has also a great strength like most other Alsatian towns in the share it has taken of the increased wealth of the German Empire during the period of annexation. Had the war come to a conclusion which left a strong united Prussia standing and with power to make the navigation of the Rhine difficult for the French and to impede access from Alsace to the industries upon the left bank of that river further down, there might have been here a further difficult problem to solve. Luckily the future does not seem to threaten any power of that sort, upon the part of whatever political grouping the right bank assumes, to cut off Alsace from the modern industry in which it has shared. It is far too early as yet to discover even the beginnings of the change in communications. Between Lower Alsace and the rest of France there intervenes the terrible waste of the battle zone, with its starvation and ruin; and all traffic to and fro, including the supply of the garrisons and the passage of troops passes through the bottle neck of Saverne. Communications are thus still very difficult, and the train service to Paris is a thing of much more than twelve hours.

One thing should be certain, and that is the piercing of the Vosges at other points and the end of what has been for forty years an artificial isolation of Alsace from the West. During the generation of foreign rule the Alien Government of the province kept its Vosges boundary as impassable as possible. The few roads across the crest threading the great woods were jealously guarded. An extraordinarily strict system of passports imposed by the German Government made travel as difficult as could be, and of through railway development there was none: none was allowed. Everything had to come through the two prison gates of Avricourt and Belfort. But new railways are now bound to come. As things now are there is no line between the tunnel of Saverne and the Gap of Belfort, a distance of some sixty miles. The communications of Alsace westward were fossilized, as it were, under the state in which the war of 1870 found them. They cannot permanently remain in that condition.

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ABOARD THE GERMAN FLEET IN SCAPA FLOW

THE German fleet is anchored in the great roadstead protected by the Islands Hoy, Cava, and Mainland. The torpedo boats are somewhat closer in shore than the larger vessels and in a more protected situation. For the most part they are moored together so that a person can pass from one boat to the other. The crew of several boats always live in one boat and go out every day to their posts on the so-called cold boats in order to perform the necessary duties for keeping them in condition. Although the place where the ships are affords a safe anchorage it is, nevertheless, necessary, on account of the sudden and violent storms occasional, to take measures of precaution, such as casting out an extra anchor or starting the fires so as to be able in case of necessity to put the ships in motion against the storm.

The islands, which are visible from the vessels with the naked eye or with the glass, have a bald and barren look. There are no trees or thickets. The banks are very bare or at places covered with grass, where cattle and sheep pasture. Where the land is more fertile one sees signs of careful cultivation and the fields are beautifully green. It is not very cold, in spite of the northern latitude, because the Gulf Stream strikes these coasts and maintains a nearly equal temperature. Snow seldom falls at any season, except that a thin coverlid occasionally caps the summit of Ward Hill.

The crews of the ships are reduced to a number that is merely sufficient to perform the most necessary duties. The larger ships, including officers and under-officers, have about one hundred and twenty-five men. The smaller cruisers have eighty to ninety men. Naturally the engineering branch is most numerously represented among those who remain. They are kept very busy. Not only do they have to provide for heating and lighting the ships, but they are obliged also to keep the machinery in such shape that the vessels may, in case of need, make the return voyage under their own steam. We have to take into account that the ships' machinery has been under a heavy strain during the last years of the war. The torpedo boats were kept under steam in all weather, while the large vessels were constantly on guard duty in order to protect the mine sweepers from enemy attacks. Under such constant employment the vessels naturally could not go into dry dock for necessary repairs. Consequently, both the engines and the boilers are in very bad shape. The condenser tubes leak and let salt water into the boilers. The result is that the kettles begin to foam and the water goes into the turbines, which immediately stop. It results that some ships lose more water in a week than their condensers will supply. This is very bad, because the English are not able to supply fresh water to the vessels except in rare instances. For the most part the latter have to rely entirely upon their own distilling apparatus. Therefore, a great shortage of fresh water exists in the fleet. Every drop of rain water is carefully collected for washing purposes. The vessels are getting enough coal from the English and it is delivered in good condition. Once a week an English collier comes alongside and we coal up. The shortage of men is such that this is a hard task and lasts

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from early morning until late in the night. In spite of all the efforts of the engineering force to keep the vessels in condition for travel it is doubtful whether they will be able to leave under their own steam after their long detention. Without a dock at their service they are getting constantly in worse shape.

The English are supplying no provisions to the fleet. Under the conditions of the armistice the latter must be brought from Germany. This causes great difficulty, especially during the last few weeks. In the first place there are not enough provisions for so large a force as we still retain, in the naval warehouses. In the second place, it is difficult to get vessels to bring the goods. But this is not all the trouble. The men of the troop divisions, who should assist in loading the vessels, will not work. When we finally persuade them to do so at high wages they plunder the stores in a most impudent manner. Boxes are broken open. Marmalade jars are broken. There is much theft even on board the vessel. Even after the provisions have reached their destination the trouble is not ended. The provisions are not immediately trans-shipped from the vessel which brings them, but the German steamer must first transfer them to an English steamer, which takes them to the German vessels for which they are destined. In this process naturally a great deal is injured by the breaking of packages and exposure to the weather. It looks to an outsider as if this was a harsh measure on the part of the English, but we must bear in mind that they thus succeed in preventing the vessels from becoming a focus for Bolsheviki propaganda. The regulations to prevent communication between the different vessels are also intended to check Bolshevism. All such communication is by means of English fishing boats, which make two trips daily to each vessel and the German flagship, Friedrich the Great. A permit from the English admiral must be obtained to make the trip on these tenders. The same vessels maintain a daily postal service between the different ships. These difficulties of communication make systematic and regular medical attendance possible only by keeping a surgeon on each of the larger vessels. An English hospital ship with English nurses and surgeons is at our service for serious cases. This vessel is exclusively for the use of German patients. The treatment afforded them by the physicians and nurses and the general care they receive is above criticism. During the last few weeks cases of illness have been rather numerous. On some vessels articular rheumatism is very bad. There have been some cases of scurvy on account of the lack of fresh vegetables. In addition the men have only distilled water to drink, which ultimately deprives the body of important mineral salts.

You will be interested in knowing how the discipline is on the different ships. It varies greatly. There is always a sailors' council. On some ships it is a very reasonable body, moderate and coöperating hand in hand with the officers. The first officer acts on such vessels with the authority of the commander, and the chairman of the Sailors' Council merely represents the wishes of the men. On such vessels we have good discipline, and the necessary services are performed in a creditable manner. Happily this is the situation on most of the ships. The under-officers and deck-officers on such ships are a unit in supporting their officers. On most vessels the commander is a cruiser captain or an old captain lieutenant and usually a first lieutenant is first officer. The commander of the fleet

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is an admiral, who negotiates directly with the English admiral and transmits the latter's orders to the vessels in his charge. Only in a few isolated instances has the Sailors' Council tried to usurp the functions of the officers. The loyal service of the officers is admirable, since the utmost they can do is to keep the ships from falling to pieces. It is not necessary to say that the English will have nothing to do with the Sailors' Councils. It is erroneously believed by many people in Germany that the naval officers were responsible for the revolution in the fleet. They were taken as much by surprise by these events as the officers of the army. Naturally there are people who are interested in making the officers the scapegoat, after they appreciated how unpopular the navy had made itself by this revolutionary agitation. The facts are by no means as represented. It is true that the officers' mess on every large ship had a separate kitchen, but the quality of the food was usually not as good as that of the rest of the crew, because not only the cook but other people made a profit out of their positions. The officers' messes drew their stores from the same commissary as those of the men and the rations were the same. The only advantage the officers had was in receiving more fresh vegetables. Mistakes in the treatment of the men occur everywhere, but it is not likely that the situation was worse in the navy than in the case of other forces. Both the army and navy had young officers, who had come fresh from the school bench without any knowledge of practical life. Moreover, the revolution in most cases did not start on the vessels themselves but in the land detachments, which induced the men on board the vessels to join them. In particular vessels whose crews had suffered the most hardship in the war, such as submarines and torpedo boats, were the most reluctant to join the revolution.

The crews of the vessels spent most of their free time fishing. Fish are very abundant in this region. Pilchards are taken in great quantities by nets leading down over the decks. These are small fish, which we eat and call oil sardines. They are baited with remnants of food or at night with electric lamps. Sometimes we get several thousand in a day. The sailors are skillful in preparing them in different ways, either as sardines in their own juice, or they bake them, boil them, salt them, and pickle them in vinegar. Fish oil is extracted from them for greasing boots. Sometimes larger fish are caught with a hook and line. Now and then they have some sort of a merry-making aboard the vessels with athletic feats, singing, and movie pictures. Christmas and New Year's were, of course, celebrated as they were at home. On the vessel where I was stationed Christmas, festivities began with a religious service the night before, presided over by the first officer in the cabin.

There are postal connections with Scapa. Letters and newspapers arrive every two weeks with the vessel bringing provisions. Unfortunately the papers are necessarily very old, and events are happening so rapidly in Germany that we never know just what the situation is at the moment. Recently we have been receiving some English papers, but of course the men cannot read them. Very important events are reported from the wireless press service, which is distributed from Nauen several times a day. The German papers coming by post to Scapa indicate the indifference of the bourgeois parties. Bourgeois papers only come if they are specially subscribed for, while the papers of the Independents arrive without subscriptions in

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great numbers. Consequently the men get their only knowledge of political events from these papers together with the impression that they represent the government.

The Kölnische Zeitung

There are so many rumors as to how long the vessels are to stay and whether they are likely ever to get back to Germany that it is not worth the trouble to discuss them.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: GUARDING THE GUARDIANS

BY J. O. P. BLAND

The religion of enmity in its unqualified form is as indefensible as the religion of amity in its unqualified form. Each proves itself to be one of those insane extremes out of which there comes a sane mean by union with its opposite. — HERBERT SPENCER (*Study of Sociology*).

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. — *Ecclesiastes*.

SOMETHING more than a retrospective interest attaches to-day to the birth and the life history of the Holy Alliance; its record becomes peculiarly instructive when, by its light, we examine the genesis and prospects of the League of Nations of to-day. Lord Robert Cecil, author of one of the most notable of several schemes for the practical working of the league, has attributed the failure of the Holy Alliance as an instrument of peace, not so much to the fact that 'it favored autocratic forms of government, as that by its nature it became restricted to a certain group of nations.' The new society of nations, in the opinion of its godfathers, will be something very different, because, according to Lord Robert, it will be 'open to every nation which can be trusted by its fellows to accept *ex animo* the principles and basis of such a society.' Here at the outset the humble inquirer, with history to guide him, may descry a prospect of the league becoming restricted, for want of such spontaneous trustfulness, to a new group of nations. Something more than vague generalities must be forthcoming to convince us (as Mr. Asquith declares himself convinced) 'as a matter of common sense,' that the league 'stands on a more solid foundation than any of the transient combinations between all the Great Powers of History.' It may be so, but statesmen will have to bring the whole subject out of the region of speculative idealism into that of practical politics, before the world at large can do more than give it the perfunctory blessing due to pious aspirations. Examination of the genesis of the Holy Alliance proves that it sprang, even as the League of Nations now springs, from the natural — indeed the inevitable — revulsion of civilized humanity from the horrors of war, after a long period of battle, murder, and sudden death.

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The collective conscience of mankind, even while the priests have blessed the banners of its fighting men, has always regarded the wholesale and legalized manslaughter of war as a survival of barbarism, a futile method of attempting to settle national differences, and a repudiation of the Christian religion of amity. After every great war ardent and indignant spirits have cried aloud 'It must never happen again.' Europe, in 1815, seeking an explanation of its devastating paroxysm of bloodshed, found it in Bonaparte; to-day, the world is taught to attribute its latest convulsion to the Kaiser. Then, as now, the minds of men were dominated by the eternal delusion that, the immediate cause of strife once found and removed, nothing was needed but a common purpose of good will to remould the sorry scheme of things entire and to achieve our hearts' desire in a millennium of enduring peace. It is certain that, whatever may have been the views of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, the lofty idealism of the Tsar in 1815 was just as sincere as that of President Wilson to-day, and who shall say that the basis of the 'universal union,' for which Alexander hoped as the outcome of the Holy Alliance, was narrower than, or in any way inferior to, that of the league now proposed? Consider the act of faith to which the contracting monarchs then subscribed:

Art. I. Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity and, considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will, on all occasions and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and regarding themselves toward their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect Religion, Peace, and Justice.

Art. II. In consequence, the sole principle of force, whether between the said governments or between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, etc. . . . Their Majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of engaging that Peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind.

Art. III. All the powers who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present Act, and shall acknowledge how important it is for the happiness of nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise over the destinies of mankind all the influence which belongs to them, will be received with equal ardor and affection into their Holy Alliance.

The Tsar's proposed confederation of the civilized world was approved in principle by every Sovereign in Europe. All joined the Holy Alliance except the British Prince Regent (who declined to sign on constitutional grounds) and the Sultan, who was not invited.* If then, as Lord Robert Cecil says, 'the Holy Alliance became restricted to a certain group of nations and associated in the minds of men with autocracy and reaction and the Concert of Europe,' the blame must assuredly be ascribed rather to the frailty of human nature than to any defect in the moral principles on which the Alliance was founded. The Tsar was filled with a sincere and righteous desire to see peace established forever upon earth (it is worthy of note that the Peace-preserving Tribunal and the Conventions of The Hague derived their initial inspiration from the founder of the Holy Alliance), but he erred, like many other estimable enthusiasts, in persuading himself that by the recording of a noble impulse in the form of a solemn Treaty, men could be made

*No doubt. Turkey was then regarded, like the Bulgaria of to-day, as a nation which could not 'be trusted by its fellows to accept, *ex animo*, the principles and basis of such a society.'

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merciful, wise, and unselfish, constrained to curb their ambitions and stifle their jealousies. Castlereagh called the Tsar's declaration of faith and hope 'sublime mysticism and nonsense,' and Castlereagh, though rude, was right. Alexander really hoped, even as Mr. Wilson, Viscount Grey, and Mr. Wells hope to-day, that the reaction from the horrors of war had produced such a concurrence of sentiment throughout the civilized world that the genuine observance of Christian principles among nations had become practical politics. The Tsar's Treaty, as the world soon perceived, was only one more manifestation of humanity's ever-recurring dream of a 'new era'; a dramatic but deluded expression of the hope that, by some miraculous process of law giving, the collective wisdom of human society might suddenly be made to dominate over its collective folly. The Tsar assumed that the corporate conscience is capable of a development equal to that of the individual conscience; that assumption is still widely prevalent, but it runs counter to all human experience, ancient and modern, and cannot be justified under existing conditions of social and economic evolution.

In his spiritual exaltation, Alexander may have forgotten that the regenerating force of the Holy Alliance was in its first conception directed against France. No doubt he did forget; but his Ministers took good care to remind M. Talleyrand of the fact, and France had no more chance of equality of opportunity during the 'new era' after Waterloo, than Germany is likely to have until she has made reparation, in genuine repentance, for her crimes. The Holy Alliance, like our present-day League of Nations, was a *cri de cœur*, a passionate protest against that phase of the struggle for existence which since the world began has necessitated the killing of man by man. The Tsar did not seek to prove, as certain modern pacifists have done, that war had become economically unthinkable, or that mechanical inventions had brought the science of manslaughter to a pitch of destructiveness which made it impossible; he merely proclaimed it to be morally indefensible. His political thought was diffused in the roseate mists of high ideals; he longed, no doubt, to make the world safe for his own type of benevolent autocracy. The kings and rulers of 1815 had not realized, as serious political economists have since perceived, that permanent peace cannot be born of Treaties, nor of legislative enactments, but must come, when it does come, from the prosperity and wisely ordered education of the masses. Have our democratic rulers of to-day grasped this truth in all its deep significance? Have the pacifist inspirations of our humanitarians, or the panaceas of our most eloquent statesmen, *au fond*, any surer foundation in anthropological or social science than had the Holy Alliance?

Let us consider whether, and in what respect, the objects and methods of the League of Nations are demonstrably more practical than those proposed a century ago by the Holy Alliance, and later by The Hague Conventions, for securing peace upon earth. Opinion in this matter must necessarily be based upon the published utterances of those to whom is due the inception of the league, and its adoption as a fundamental question for the Peace Conference; that is to say, in the first place, President Wilson and Viscount Grey, and after them a great cloud of earnest and public-spirited men. We are confronted at the outset by the fact that, with one or two exceptions (to which I shall presently refer), none of these published utterances contains anything but vague generalities of

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speculative idealism; sounds that haply fill the ear, but leave the thinking mind unsatisfied. Politically, we are warned, the making of a lasting peace must depend upon the successful establishment of the League of Nations: it must be the pivotal centre of the Conference. But before we accept this consummation of the peoples' war, we are entitled to ask the sponsors of the league for more precise information as to the practical working of the instrument which is henceforward to guarantee the world's peace. Until the appearance of General Smuts's hastily written pamphlet on the 10th of January, there had been no published evidence of clear thinking on the subject, no attempt, at all events, to state in precise terms the league's proposed guaranties and powers, or the rights and obligations of its members. Whenever its chief spokesmen have ventured to commit themselves to anything definite the results have been of a nature to create extreme perplexity.

Speaking on the 27th of September, President Wilson declared 'that the constitution of the League of Nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part, in a sense the most essential part, of the settlement itself. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace cannot be guaranteed as an afterthought.' It is to the Peace Conference, therefore, that we must look for form and substance of the world's new Magna Charta, for the 'indispensable instrumentality,' which is not only to lay the foundation of coöperative international government and to determine the relations of States, but to guarantee the future peace of the planet. It will be for the Peace Conference to define the constitution of the league, together with the rights and obligations of its members At this point we are confronted by the crucial question — Is Germany to have a place at the Peace Conference, and will she then be admitted, upon terms, to the League of Nations? President Wilson's speeches justify the belief that she will be represented at the Peace Conference ('there will be parties at the Conference whose promises have proved untrustworthy') but that she will be excluded from the League of Nations until she abolishes her autocratic form of government and gives satisfactory guaranties for her future good conduct. Here another problem confronts us: How is the President's hostility to 'autocracy' to be satisfactorily reconciled, either with the league's avowed principle of 'self-determination,' or with effective realization of the scheme for a 'general association of nations'? As in the days of the Holy Alliance, there must be lonely Sultans left in outer darkness if the President adheres to his declaration (April 2, 1917) that 'a steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants.' What then? Will the Peace Conference proclaim that a 'democracy' of the type at present prevailing in Russia, or China, or Mexico, is more admirable or more trustworthy than a constitutional autocracy like, say, that of Japan? If so, how long will it remain a Peace Conference? It will evidently be necessary for the nations *ab initio* to agree among themselves as to the kind of democracy for which the world is to be made safe.

In his speech on the 10th of October, 1918, Viscount Grey insisted that the League of Nations, if it is not to be a sham, must consist wholly of nations that are perfectly sincere; in other words (as he went on to explain) that every government in the league must represent a free people, thoroughly determined to carry out the objects of the

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league in all sincerity. Finally, while recognizing the difficulty of distinguishing a real from a sham democracy, he concurred in President Wilson's declaration that no government can be considered trustworthy unless it can prove that it exists with the confidence of the people behind it, and is responsible to that people and to no one else. These are good words, but they suggest uncomfortable limitations in the membership of the league. Before what tribunal, upon what evidence, and by what arguments will a doubtful government support its claims to be regarded as truly representative of a free people? On this crucial question the sponsors of the league are strangely silent.

To be frank, the plain man is somewhat bewildered by the fantastic shapes which these warm-hearted ideals begin to assume, so soon as they approach the colder regions of policies and practice. President Wilson, for example, has declared (September 27) that 'it would be an insincere as well as an insecure peace that does not definitely exclude those economic rivalries which have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war.' How the international Supreme Court of the League of Free Peoples propose to put an end to economic rivalries, we have yet to learn. Mr. Asquith, speaking at Rochdale on the 7th of December, had evidently not been let into the secret, for he wished it to be clearly understood that 'a League of Nations did not mean the cessation of industrial and mercantile competition.'

The latest published programme of the League of Nations Union (associated with the American League to Enforce Peace) proclaims a programme of forceful, not to say dictatorial, insistence upon peace, which, unless human nature has materially altered since the signing of the armistice, suggests distinct possibilities of serious friction. It proposes 'to create a Supreme Court and to *enforce* its decisions; to act as trustee and guardian of uncivilized races and undeveloped territories (a fairly large order, this); to maintain international order and thus finally to liberate mankind from the curse of war. It is only right to add that Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, one of the high priests of *sang-pur* pacifism, holds that 'the coercive functions of the league will drop into the background and its advisory and constructive activities will come to the front,' because 'henceforth there is no power left in the world at once desirous and capable of armed aggression. Offense being ruled out, there is no occasion for defense!' But in this particular Utopia of sweet reasonableness, Mr. Dickinson wanders almost alone. Many leading advocates of the League of Nations apparently share the opinion which Mr. Lloyd George expressed when he said (November 12) 'that a large number of small nations have been reborn in Europe, and these will require a League of Nations to protect them against the covetousness and ambitions of grasping neighbors.' Here the earnest inquirer discerns a wide gulf opening between Mr. Lowes Dickinson's League of Nations and this highly moral, but in the end actively coercive, semi-international, Police Force.

Viscount Grey is a supporter of the Cosmopolitan Policeman policy; in this direction he has given us a definition of the functions of the league (October 10, 1918) clearer than anything that had previously been uttered. On this occasion he parted company with Mr. Dickinson's ideals and permitted 'coercive functions' to resume their accustomed place in the picture. 'I don't see,' he said, 'why the League of Nations, once formed, should necessarily be idle. I don't see why it should not

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be arranged for an authoritative and an international force to be at its disposal, *which should act as police in individual countries*.' Is it any wonder that the astute Bernstorff declares that Germany's dearest wish is to be allowed to join the league? Is it surprising that the American Senate should be frankly opposed to its formation as an integral part of the Peace settlement? 'Membership of the league,' said Senator Reed, 'would embroil the United States in every European quarrel.' Senator Lewis foresees an international consortium which will put an end to the Monroe Doctrine and compel the United States to permit European colonization in South America and the entry of Chinese and Japanese into the United States; and the Senate, be it noted, is almost unanimously opposed, as it was in the days of the Holy Alliance, to any interference with the Monroe Doctrine.

There is something almost sublime, and at the same time pathetic, in the persistence of these ideals of internationalism and in the apparent readiness of Anglo-Saxon statesmen to rely upon altruistic agreements as equivalent or superior to measures of national defense. Great Britain incurred the gravest peril in all her history by listening to those whose political prejudices saw more protective virtue in *ententes* and arbitration treaties than in national security. Generations of Englishmen unborn are destined to be heavily burdened simply because the government of this country was dominated by Utopian visionaries and theorists. Is it possible that, after our bitter experience of the past four years, we are about to incur the same risks, beguiled down the path of political dalliance by the same leaders who misled us in the past? To judge by the vague utterances of most of the responsible statesmen who have delivered themselves on the subject of the League of Nations, those risks now confront us as seriously as they did when Lord Roberts warned his countrymen in vain.

So far as can at present be discerned, the feature which is essentially to distinguish this new league from that which devised and recorded the peace-preserving and humanitarian ordinances of The Hague Conventions, lies in this international Naval and Military Police Force, this executive organ which, when a wrong is done, will be called upon to enforce obedience to the will of the league. (In determining between national rights and wrongs, the league is apparently to be invested with infallibility.) The orders of the Central International Council, or tribunal of world law and justice, will be communicated to this Police Force for execution. In this connection, Viscount Grey has cited the organization of the Chinese Maritime Customs under Sir Robert Hart as an example of an international force which worked for the advantage of all concerned. The example is certainly more attractive than, shall we say, the international occupation of Crete, or the coöperative activities of the powers in Morocco. It is, nevertheless, unconvincing, for the reason that the Customs Service was not, as Viscount Grey says, 'a successful thing done by the Chinese Government for itself,' but an *imperium in imperio*, created by the foreign powers at a time when the Chinese Empire was in the throes of rebellion. It was imposed from the outside, like the foreigner's rights of extra-territoriality, and constitutes to that extent an emphatic contradiction of the weaker nations' theoretical right of self-determination. In spite of the many and great services which the Foreign Customs have rendered in maintaining China's financial credit, the Chinese Government have endeavored on more than one occasion to

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replace it by a purely native organization, and have only been prevented from so doing by the powers' insistence on the treaty rights of the foreign bondholder.

But even if we admit the validity of the Chinese Customs Service as an example of successful international cooperation, the fact remains that its success, like that which has distinguished the administration of the cosmopolitan settlement at Shanghai for more than half a century, has been wholly and directly due to its being organized under the unfettered direction of one chief and permanent authority: an authority which happened to be British. Under the control of an international committee, the Customs Service would assuredly have been of no more practical utility to China than the Concert of Europe; its energies would inevitably have been diffused in jealous quarrels and conflicting interests, and the result, to quote General Smuts, would be 'paralysis tempered with intrigue.' Admit the right of an efficient nation or individual to control such cosmopolitan organizations, and they assume undeniable qualities of usefulness and special virtues of their own; deny that right, assert the equality of every national voice in the counsels of the league's executive, put Portugal and Peru on the same level of authority as the Great Powers, and the inevitable result must be chaos. We have seen chaos of this kind produced under the Capitulations at Tangier, where every Consular Court is a law unto itself and the public interest remains a negligible quantity.

The Municipality of the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai unquestionably affords the most remarkable instance on record of successful coöperative cosmopolitan administration. Here you have a great city and commercial port, containing a large population of taxed but unrepresented Chinese, administered by a Committee of Councilors elected from among and by the extra-territorialized foreign ratepayers. These foreign ratepayers represent everyone of the fifteen nations that have treaties with China, and they are subject only to the jurisdiction of their respective Consular authorities. Yet the council maintains its own armed forces for local defense — horse, foot, and artillery — its own police, tax collectors, public-health authorities, and engineers; all the machinery, in fact, of civic government on progressive modern lines. For sixty years it has maintained the administration of the Foreign Settlement at a high standard of efficiency, with a minimum of friction. How has this miracle of cosmopolitan Home Rule been achieved? By what means has this international community of traders been able to maintain its own elected executive, to prevent both the fiscal encroachments of the Chinese mandarin and the separatist tendencies of individual national policies? Here, again, the instructive explanation lies in the fact that, the majority of the electors having hitherto always been British, the Council for the Foreign Community has been able to exercise its authority, as a singly-controlled organization, on the lines of a continuous policy, for the general good and without serious opposition. The Officer Commanding the Shanghai Volunteers (a force comprising contingents of six different nationalities) has always been British; so has the Captain Superintendent of Police. The latter force consisted of British, Sikh, and Chinese until 1915, but a number of Japanese have been enlisted during the war to compensate for the loss of men who had joined the colors. The results have not been to the advantage of the community.

Shanghai's coöperative internationalism has been directed towards peace-

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ful and productive, not coercive, ends; but the present history of China provides also an effective illustration of an International Police Force of the coercive kind suggested for the League of Nations by Viscount Grey, namely, the armies which the Allies brought to Peking against the Boxers in 1900. It will be remembered that this force, consisting of troops of eight nations, was placed by the powers under the supreme command of the German Field Marshal, Graf von Waldersee; but what is not so generally remembered is the conspicuous lack of unity, the divided counsels, dissensions, and jealousies, which on more than one occasion threatened to lead to hostilities among the Allies. The subsequent peace negotiations at Peking served to emphasize old antagonisms and antipathies, for which the joint campaign had provided new fuel and new force. The results of a few months' association of armed bodies of Russians and Japanese, Germans and Frenchmen, Italians and Austrians, in a common cause and for the avenging of an outrage on civilization, were quite sufficient to justify the conclusion that an international armed force is a very productive breeding ground for international strife. As a permanent organization for redressing such wrongs as may be committed by the 'lesser breeds without the law,' the remedy may well prove to be worse than the disease. Can any sane student of latter-day politics imagine, for instance, an international army successfully proceeding to enforce the inauguration of an era of peace and sweet reasonableness in Mexico, or for that matter in the Balkans?

General Smuts, in his recent pamphlet, fully recognizes this difficulty. He admits that before such concerted action by a cosmopolitan personnel becomes possible, it will be necessary for the league 'to train big staffs to look at things from a large human, instead of a national, point of view; to train its officials, taken from various nationalities, to work loyally together, irrespective of their national interests': a bureaucracy, in fact, consisting of denationalized citizens of the world but lacking the single authoritative direction which alone could make such a body of officialdom in any way effective. General Smuts looks to a General Conference of the whole world's constituent states to create and mould the necessary international public opinion, as distinct from the narrow influence of local parliaments, and thus to produce an atmosphere in which the Council of the league — or, rather, its staff of permanent officials — may proceed with its regenerating tasks. Pending the establishment of this thoroughly denationalized Grand Secretariat, he recommends that such coercive or administrative measures as may be required in the immediate future, among the embryo states and derelict territories which the war has left in its wake, should be confided by the league to 'mandatory' states, it being understood, before they begin, that 'no state should make use of the helpless or weak condition of any of these territories in order to exploit them for its own purposes, or to acquire rights over them in the manner which has hitherto been a fruitful source of trouble and war.' The difference between a Protectorate of the old régime and a mandatory state of the new will apparently lie in the fact that the degree of control to be exercised by the latter will be laid down (at The Hague, no doubt) by the league, in a special Act or Charter. Mandatory states would forthwith function, for example, in Palestine and in the Armenian Vilayets. China, Persia, and other parts of the world may possibly feel apprehensive of such a mandate system, but until Germany comes to

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be recognized as sufficiently regenerate to apply for mandates for the control of embryo states, the risks of the system might possibly be faced in Europe.

In other directions General Smuts has attempted, at all events, to give administrative coherence to ideas which, until the appearance of his pamphlet, were but vague aspirations. He leaves certain obvious obstacles unsurmounted, *e.g.*, the language difficulty at a World Conference of all the nations, and the question of the authority or system under which the all-important, and probably all-powerful, Secretariat would be recruited, organized, and trained; but he has at least put forward definite suggestions, of a kind which should provide matter for practical discussion, especially in regard to international measures for the prevention of war by compulsory arbitration and a *moratorium*. As to the portion of his scheme which proposes that a cosmopolitan General Staff, representing the council of the league, should altruistically direct and rule all manner of international affairs, from copyrights and telegraphs to air traffic, labor problems, and 'backward races,' it presupposes a vast organic change, not only in political institutions but in human nature. General Smuts himself recognizes this. 'The new institution of peace,' he declares, 'must not be something additional, something external, superimposed on the existing structure; it must be an organic change, it must be woven into the very texture of our political system. The new *motif* of peace must in future, so to speak, flow from the nature of things political.' This must assuredly have been written in haste, for as a statesman of exceptionally wide experience and learning, General Smuts knows full well that organic changes can only be very slowly evolved and can never be produced to order. All history and biological science are there to refute the politician's pet delusion that human nature and the type of mankind's social and political institutions can be rapidly changed as the result of revolutions or war's convulsions. General Smuts is no closet philosopher or pacifist dreamer. He sees clearly that 'war is a symptom of deep-seated evils, a disease or growth out of our social and political conditions.' How then can he seriously believe that these conditions can be magically transformed, and the whole world attuned to the new *motif* of peace, by a council of ten internationally-minded statesmen or politicians, representing respectively the British Empire, France, Italy, the U.S.A., Japan, Germany (when stably 'democratic'), and two groups of intermediate powers and minor states? Can he seriously mean to suggest that the democratic system of government must always henceforward produce as its representatives on the council of the league (Prime Ministers though they be) an unvarying type of men of the 'highest standing and authority'? Did not modern democracy make M. Caillaux Prime Minister of France, and might it not conceivably make Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Snowden head of the British Government to-morrow? No: our political institutions, of which war is but a symptom, are, like human nature, only capable of modification by slow processes of education. In Western Europe, in particular, congested industrialism on the one hand, and the world's narrowing margin of food supplies on the other, have produced social and economic conditions, in themselves highly conducive to war, which can only be modified by systematic education of the masses in economics, sociology and citizenship.

When all is said and done, the problem which confronts the League of Nations is as old as the hills. The Roman,

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realizing the frailty of human nature, put it in four words: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The promoters of the League of Nations fail to allow for the Lenines and Trotzkys in our midst and for their infinite capacity for evil in any democratic state which is not founded on sound education in citizenship. Replying to a deputation of the Evangelical Free Churches in this country, President Wilson declared that in these matters he puts his trust in Providence. 'I think one would go crazy,' he said, 'if he did not believe in Providence. It would be a maze without a clue. Unless there were some supreme guidance, we would despair of the results of human counsel.' But belief in Providence has never yet relieved mankind of the duty of keeping its powder dry — Mr. Wilson's naval programme suggests his recognition of this truth. It has not replaced the instinct of self-preservation, either in races or individuals. It does not even help us to solve the eternal mystery of the origin and existence of evil, or to avert from mankind its relentless penalties. Throughout the ages of recorded time, humanity, while instinctively convinced of the ultimate triumph of Providence over the powers of darkness, has endured the unceasing manifestations of those powers — plague, pestilence, and famine; wars, rebellions, and internecine strife. The primordial riddle of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil remains unsolved; all the results of human counsel (and there have been wise men even of old) have given no refutation to the poet philosopher who wrote:

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake,
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

If Paradise is now to be regained under the guidance of the International Policeman of the League of Nations, there would seem to be sound practical sense in the opinion of Senator Williams, of the American Committee on Foreign Relations, who defines the league as a limited association between the United States and the British Empire for the policing of the world. From the cosmopolitan point of view, the definition may be open to objection, but as a matter of practical politics it is certainly preferable to the idea of a league, which is based on principles of pacific internationalism, yet pledged to the encouragement and protection of 'self-determination' and vigorous nationalism among the smaller nations.

The Nineteenth Century and After

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A PUBLIC SERVANT: A STORY

BY W. PETT RIDGE

RICHARD MAINWARING came, I find, to London in '66, when a new terminal station of the railway opened. His rank on the pay-sheet was Junior Porter; his wages eight shillings per week. Richard cannot explain how he managed to live on his income at this period; he can only declare that he did live on it. True, fourpenny bits came now and again from generous travelers, more often pennies were slipped into his hand by ladies whom he helped with luggage and directions as to changing; there occurred, rarely, a more bountiful gift from some voyager to the Continent. (All these sums were called fluff.) True, also, that money went further then in the purchase of food than it does now. True, Richard's appetite, though keen, had not been trained in the way of expensive delicacies. He thinks he favored bread and cheese for midday, and his old landlady at New Cross — who could scarcely have become rich from the profits made out of her lodger — charged him ninepence for the dinner she furnished when he had a Sunday free from duties. In the season a rabbit would be sent up by his parents in the charge of a friendly guard, and this was taken to New Cross to be made into a pie.

By reason of economical methods, Richard can give but little information regarding London's amusements at the time, but an aunt of his once came to London on Foresters' Fête day, and, disregarding the attractions of the Palace at Sydenham and the chance of seeing Blondin stumble on the tight rope, carried her nephew off to see the wax-works in Baker Street. And once a pit order for two came his way by devious routes, and his landlady, putting on chignon, best bonnet, and best crinoline, was escorted by him to the Strand Theatre, where they saw Mr. Toole, as a footman in *Up Stairs and Down Stairs*. The landlady was delighted and, in a spirit of reciprocity, took Richard a week later to watch the diverting entertainment by Mr. Arthur Sketchley at the Egyptian Hall.

Richard in '68 found himself advanced to a higher position on the pay-sheet, and escaped the title of Junior. He was still under the orders of a foreman porter and of all inspectors and, above these, the station-master; he still had to obey the commands of all passengers, but there were now lads who had to conform with his instructions, heat his tea-can, run out and buy for him watercress, prepare blacking and shine brass buttons and the brass rim of his peaked cap. Passengers of delicate natures complained of the aggressive scent of his new corduroy uniform, and in the back garden of the house at New Cross the suit was fixed by clothes-pegs on a line, and allowed to become the sport of a southwesterly wind, comporting itself rather in the manner of a resolute gymnast, and certainly improved by the exercise. Gifts increased in value as Mainwaring receded from boyhood. The small silver coins retained their popularity both for church offertories and for tips to railway porters, but elderly travelers, grateful for assist-

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ance given at a moment of urgent need, made bursts of larger generosity, with occasionally a few preliminary questions.

'Are you married, my good man, and how much does the railway pay you, and have you any children, and are you, comparatively speaking, a strict teetotaler?'

To all the inquiries, Porter Mainwaring, no slave to truth where in his opinion truth had no right to be master, returned the answer that was hoped and expected. On the boards headed 'Bye Laws of Rules and Regulations,' formally signed by an official of the Board of Trade, and countersigned by the General Manager of the Company, was a clause which forbade passengers to give any money payments to the staff under a penalty, and this accounted for a certain furtiveness attending the transaction; passenger and porter had the air of conspirators who, if their dastardly plans were discovered, might be shot at sight. Christmas and the New Year added considerably to Richard's savings. Always a polite and deferential youth, and, moreover, willing, he at these periods contrived to give to his expression of good wishes something of earnestness. This gained special rewards; there were, besides, the generous aristocracy who paid for attentions given throughout the year by handing over some large amount to be distributed in proportion to rank among members of the staff.

Once a year he made application for his three days' leave, and asked to be favored with a return pass for self to the village of his birth. On these occasions he wore mufti, and bade a formal good-bye to uniformed colleagues, lighted a cigar which, with care, lasted throughout the whole of his holiday, and stepped into the train with the importance of an ordinary traveler. To others in the compartment he was something more, for the guard came at each stopping place, to exchange a word, and officials on platforms hailed Richard, asking for news of acquaintances at the terminus; as the train drew near to his destination he became Young Dick, and compliments were given on increase in height and general manliness. When he alighted, there were his mother and father waiting for him near the small booking-office, and outside a chum on a velocipede.

'The fuss they made of me!' he comments reminiscently. 'Lord, you might have thought I was one of the directors.'

It happened that a director lived not many villages away, and when the vicar's daughter called to see how Richard had been getting on, and to inquire which church up in London he attended, then the middle-aged lady spoke of this gentleman, and mentioned the possibility of inducing someone to say a good word for Richard. To achieve success by one's own unaided efforts, remarked the vicar's daughter, was of course admirable, but the usefulness of influence should not be disregarded; she was unable to give any guaranty, but volunteered to see what could be done. Home-made wine was produced when the visitor, unimpressed by any arguments but her own, had gone, and a girl cousin came in, very shy in the presence of company; it took nearly the whole of the evening to induce Amelia to sing 'Gayly the troubadour.' By directions of his mother, Richard walked home with the cousin; and it was the young woman's suggestion that the two should correspond by occasional notes, and, in the meantime, exchange kisses. These particulars his mother, by dexterous cross-examination, ascertained on his return to the cottage.

'A lot better for you, boy,' she

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remarked, nodding her head emphatically, 'than getting mixed up with any of them London fly-by-nights.'

'Matrimony is an expensive business,' he urged.

''T is a holy state, anyway,' declared Mrs. Mainwaring.

Richard, on duty again in London, discovered himself the possessor of ambition. For any vacancy that came to his knowledge he wrote out a memorandum form and handed it to the station-master's clerk; generally the applications went no further. Notes came from Amelia beginning with the words, 'I now sit down to take up my pen hoping this finds you well as it leaves me at present, thank God!' Also, a letter couched in the third person, wherein the vicar's daughter regretted to inform R. Mainwaring that her efforts to secure promotion for him had not met with success. (It proved, afterwards, that the director happened to be a Nonconformist, and the visit paid had led to nothing but strenuous theological argument.) Richard was called that evening to a first-class compartment of a main line train where a lady was protesting against the behavior of a male passenger who had been to a race meeting, was smoking a large cheroot and, between puffs, sang loudly. Porter Mainwaring dealt with the matter at once. The offending traveler was hauled out and put in the brake van in charge of the guard; the compartment was then locked, and the lady received the assurance that she would be secure from disturbance for the whole of the journey. Porter Mainwaring had an idea that threepence, at least, would be handed over; instead she asked for his full name. From the guard's van, as the train went out, the cheroot gentleman shook a fist, and threatened a report to the General Manager.

'Consequently,' says Richard, in speaking of the far-off incident, 'when I was sent for, six days, or it might have been a week, afterwards, to go to the station-master's office, I could see as clear as anything what had happened. It was all as plain as plain could be. I was to be called up on the carpet, and have a rare old dressing down for being uncivil to a gentleman first-class passenger, and I was going to be suspended from duty, very like, and told that if it ever happened again I should get the sack. 'Stead of which,' exultantly, 'there in the office sat, as large as life and twice as natural, and behaving as though the whole place belonged to him, a stout old party, and the station-master he says, "Sir Edward, this is Porter Mainwaring, the chap you were speaking about." And Sir Edward gazed at me through his single eye-glass, and says, "A likely looking young feller!" and the station-master, not knowing exactly what was in the wind, said there was nothing against me. "I've heard about him before," says Sir Edward. "Being a director of this railway, I get pestered a good deal by parties who imagine everything can be done by influence. A woman — a Church of England woman — came to see me about him, and I very soon gave her my answer. But here is a different matter. This young feller behaved very well and very wisely in a case the other day where my sister was concerned. She is a nervous person, and the behavior of that scoundrel of a smoking man would have upset her if the situation had not been dealt with promptly. Is there an inspectorship open?" The station-master said it was possible a vacancy might be arranged. "See to it," says Sir Edward. And,' adds Richard, in conclusion, 'out I come from the office dazed like, and not knowing whether I was on my head or my heels!'

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For the encouragement of authority it was considered wise that Mainwaring should be appointed to a neighboring station, and there he appeared silk-hatted, frock-coated, and porters called him 'Sir' and season-ticket holders and Miss Selby of the Refreshment Rooms called him 'Mister.' To season-ticket holders, indeed, he gave particular consideration, regarding them as the backbone and support of the railway company. He made himself acquainted with their individual hobbies, and allowed no confusion in regard to them. It was the time of the Franco-German war, and opinions were divided; Inspector Mainwaring agreed with the passengers who were on the side of Marshal MacMahon, and did not go out of his way to dispute with those who thought highly of Moltke. To his old people in the country, on the week of holiday now accorded to him once a year, he mentioned the principle he had laid down.

'Civility costs nothing,' he declared, 'and a railwayman can always afford it.'

The three were discussing the question when Amelia arrived. The young woman, grown stouter and inclined to be autocratic, refused to join in the debate; she introduced bluntly the subject of marriage. Richard said that his present position might be regarded as intermediate. He was looking forward to the time when he would be appointed to the charge of a country station, and then, if Amelia were willing——. Amelia did not hesitate to proclaim her views. She had endured twenty-three years of country life, and required no more. London was her mark. 'But I'm very comfortable as I am!' protested Richard. She swept this argument aside, and declared he could take her now, or take her not at all. Richard found, the next day, his chum (who now owned a fifty-two inch bicycle), and the two obtained permission from a head gamekeeper to do some shooting. This kept Richard occupied for the rest of his vacation. Only on the last day did his companion admit that he himself had a great regard for Amelia, but that his desire was to act fairly toward Richard.

'You can take her,' announced Richard, impulsively.

'Dick,' cried the other, with emotion, 'I only hope you'll never have no cause to regret your kindness.'

A crisis arrived when Inspector Mainwaring found on his sloping desk a note directing his presence at headquarters. There, the interview with the Superintendent was brisk, and not devoid of congratulatory words. We were opening, mentioned the Superintendent, a new station at Furley; would Mainwaring like to go there? Mainwaring said, 'Yes, sir, very pleased, sir.' Some instructions followed. Reminder given that the duty of a station-master was to show politeness to the customers of the railway, and at the same time to look after the interests of the public. And by the by — as the inspector was about to leave — Mainwaring was, of course, a married man. No? Well, then, he would be wise to see about it at once. Station-masters were always married men. It was a rule in the service, and no exception could be permitted, otherwise grumbling from others would ensue. At New Cross, where he was still cared for by the same old landlady, Richard found a country newspaper, tied with white tape, and on opening it, discovered a cross placed against an entry under the heading of 'Marriages.'

'What can't be cured,' said his landlady, after hearing all the particulars, and after inspecting the announcement, 'must be endured.' She appeared to regard the matter with

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equanimity. 'You've lost your Amelia, all through your own fault, and there's an end of that.'

'Can't I look about and find someone else?'

'No,' replied the other, definitely. 'Time don't permit of it. Girls expect a certain amount of courting, and you must n't blame 'em. Give up your idea of being a station-master away at some 'Eaven-forsaken place in the wilds of the country, and be thankful you 've got a situation 'ere in London, and,' pointedly, 'a good landlady to look after you.'

Inspector Mainwaring took his worries to the refreshment room in an interval of traffic; more than once he and Miss Selby had exchanged their grievances over the counter where Banbury cakes and sandwiches rested under glass covers, and the talk had comforted both. On Richard's side, was, at times, correspondence which he found a difficulty in answering; with Miss Selby it often happened to be a passenger who complained of the quality of the food and beverages she was called upon to supply. On this occasion, the inspector described the trouble, and begged for advice. His landlady, an excellent person, could not be regarded as a woman of the world; there might be points in the etiquette of these matters with which New Cross was unacquainted. Did Miss Selby consider that, providing Richard discovered some agreeable young person, and laid the facts before her with a description of the urgency of the matter, she would be likely, in all the circumstances, to take offense?

'I,' said Miss Selby, with promptness, 'most certainly should n't.'

Richard thanked her for the encouraging declaration, and was called away to superintend the loading of a horse box. He came back later to ask for Miss Selby's assistance in the bandaging of a wrist that the horse, resenting control and the prospect of a journey, had damaged; before the task was ended the young woman made it clear to Richard that her statement had not so much a general application as a particular meaning. She was quite willing to give up London life, and there was no one who had a greater claim on her regard than Inspector Mainwaring. 'It's a bargain!' cried Richard. He explained that, whereas, in London he was receiving thirty shillings a week, as a station-master in the country he would be paid but twenty-five. Miss Selby pointed out that money went further in the country than in town, and, moreover, a house, coals, and lighting would be provided, to say nothing of the garden.

Here, by all the rules, disaster consequent on an impetuous marriage should have come into Richard's life. Read on to ascertain the real happenings.

His first testimonial was presented when his transfer took place. The evening before the departure was chosen, and in the crowded first-class waiting-room, season-ticket holders, a few notable residents of the neighborhood, and officials from adjacent stations were gathered. No less a person than a Justice of the Peace handed over the purse of gold, and delivered a speech which brought tears to the eyes of Miss Selby, seated discreetly in a corner near to the roll of texts pendant from the wall. The local journal was kind enough to say later that Inspector Mainwaring acknowledged the gift in a few neat and appropriate words; Richard himself admitted that he made a rare old bungle of it. This the congratulatory audience did not mind; the J.P. was obviously contented in that it gave an increased value to his own oratorical powers.

Richard admits that at Furley he discovered good luck, and in no detail

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was it more pronounced than in regard to his young wife. Anxieties concerning daily reports, and the balancing of accounts and monthly abstracts, vanished when she, domestic tasks over, strolled across from the house, and entering the booking office gave assistance. As a dressmaker she achieved instant popularity among the ladies of Furley, for her charges were reasonable, her counsel excellent. As to the station itself, the advantage of newness was one that could not be denied; the furniture of shining tables, the grained doors, the brilliant scales, the untarnished bell — all these were details that engaged the affection. Richard says he cannot declare which of the two he loved the more, his wife, or his station. When the last up train of the day had gone, and the office boy was sent home, the two relaxed, and on the platform, in the light of the summer evening, had games of catch with an india-rubber ball, while the signalman looked on from his box, and remarked grimly to his daughter, eldest of twelve, when she brought his supper, that all this tomfoolery would go so soon as babies started coming to town. It was the one regret of the station-master and his wife that no little people did arrive to increase the cheerfulness of the house. This accounted for the special attention given at Furley to passengers with half-tickets, or so youthful as to be able to travel free of charge.

'How I should have got on,' declared matrons, in returning to their homes after some adventurous journey to the market town, 'with all my packages, and young Ebenezer, and young Ruth, if station-master had n't been so kind and helpful, goodness alone knows!' To Mainwaring's credit was placed the fact that he treated all alike: third class, second, or first. Old people, unused to railways and losing all mental control on approaching the yard of the station, found themselves received by him, soothed by him, and grim apprehensions of wrong trains and lost luggage disappeared. Superior folk — the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the doctor, farmers, and, above all, the retired Major who lived at the Hassocks — these invariably allowed a margin for the catching of trains in order to have a talk with the station-master, and to give or hear the latest anecdote. Mainwaring's supply came from guards and traveling collectors, and sometimes by telegraph from a neighboring colleague; he showed an appreciation for the jokes brought to him, treating them all as though they possessed the element of novelty. It was this rare gift that helped in the case of Mr. Dawes.

Mr. Dawes, builder and auctioneer, set his fist against all railway companies, and was forever boxing with them. A charge for demurrage on a truck consigned to him and delayed in unloading, aroused Dawes to the point of fury, and he wrote letters upon letters to headquarters complaining of the station-master. Privately at the 'Unicorn,' Dawes announced his intention of making it a fight to a finish. 'I shall go on a reportering of him,' threatened Dawes, 'until they get tired of having him reportered and then he'll have to go!' Dawes, purchasing a ticket one morning at the booking-office, challenged the station-master, in a defiant way, to explain why he (Dawes) went third-class; the station-master tactfully affected ignorance. 'Because there ent no fourth!' said Dawes. The station-master showed due appreciation of this witty remark, and the builder and auctioneer did not conceal his pleasure at the favor given to his one and only joke. That evening he brought a gift of

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game for Mainwaring, declared that bygones were to be bygones, and the station-master and his wife had jugged hare for dinner on three continuous days.

These were times when political feeling was acute even in remote districts, and most people considered it necessary to follow either Gladstone or Disraeli. Mr. Mainwaring evaded argument by listening attentively to the contentions offered by passengers, and by using the formula of 'Well, sir, I'd rather trust your opinion in these matters than my own!' Because of his impartiality, cases were frequently brought to him, cases of dispute between parties in the village, on matters of no very great importance, but sufficiently great to sunder friendship but for the wise intervention of a third party. Now and again, he found himself sharing in an argument on railway procedure with a traveling inspector who took austere views so far as treatment of the public was concerned.

'Rules are rules,' said the traveling inspector, with determination, 'and they can't be broke.'

'They can't be broke,' agreed Mainwaring, 'but they can be bent!' The retort went up and down the branch line, and chanced to reach, in London, a Board meeting. The Chairman declared it a happy phrase, and in jocular moments it was frequently used by directors across the table. Other epigrams from the same source were inquired for, and directors took home with them, as opportunity came, some reckoned of equal merit. As for instance:

'It 's the engine that makes the carriages move; not the ringing of the bell.'

'High hats don't always mean happiness.'

'Great advantage of just missing a train is that you're in plenty of time for the next.'

'Accidents don't happen on the best regulated railways.'

These did more for Richard at headquarters than a lifetime of devotion to the interests of the railway would have secured; as a consequence, when a vacancy occurred at the junction which enabled the branch line to communicate with the main line, and half a dozen names were submitted, the choice fell upon Richard Mainwaring, and a graciously worded memorandum went from the Superintendent of the Line to the station-master at Furley, beginning with —

> I have pleasure in informing you that, on my recommendation, it has been decided to transfer you to Walcombe Junction where you will receive forty-two shillings and sixpence a week. I trust you will carry out your duties there in the same satisfactory manner that you have done in the past. Kindly acknowledge receipt hereof.

Richard Mainwaring carried the letter across to the garden of his house, where his wife took off gloves, and gave up attention to the asparagus bed.

'But what are you looking so down in the mouth for?' she demanded. 'Anyone would think you 'd brought serious news.'

'Nothing could be more so,' he said. 'Few things go against a chap so much as not taking a berth when it 's offered to him. It gets him into disfavor.' She stared at him.

'Mainwaring,' she asked, solemnly, 'have you got no aspirations?' He stammered words about the wisdom of knowing when you were well off, and rolling stones. 'Look me in the face,' she ordered. 'If you 've none for yourself, think about your wife. Do you think she does n't want to be progressing in the world? Come along back to the office, and I'll dictate the answer you are going to send!'

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There was some hesitation about the farewell testimonial at Furley, because of a painful incident that had recently taken place at a neighboring station. The head official there, a man who had neither sought for popularity nor achieved it, and was indeed openly and frankly disliked, found himself permitted to exchange with a station-master of equal rank. The residents, out of sheer gratitude, collected money and presented a gift. The unpopular station-master, touched by the speeches that in the endeavor to conceal relief hinted at compliments, took the gift and declared he had no idea he possessed so many friends; now that he realized this, he felt it his duty to remain with them, and he would, therefore, ask the authorities to cancel his application. The folk who had contributed took their departure in the lowest spirits, and threw the blame for the unfortunate occurrence on each other. Testimonials went out of fashion for a time, and only when Richard Mainwaring had been at the junction for some months was he invited with his wife to pay a visit to Furley and accept a silver tea service. Dawes, builder and auctioneer, had acted as honorary secretary; the retired Major who lived at the Hassocks was in the Chair; the ceremony took place at the schoolroom, where the church choir sang, and on the platform two old people sat, hand at ear, desirous of missing no detail of this meeting held in honor of their son.

'I can't admit,' said old Mainwaring, speaking with the prudence of his country, on the way home, 'I can't go so far as to admit that we've got any special and partic'lar cause to be what you may term ashamed of our boy Richard!'

Richard Mainwaring has reached, after close upon forty years of service at the junction station, the superannuation list. In that period he has seen another branch line go out from the parent stem; he has watched the setting of additional platforms; he has noted the growth of signal boxes that once were hutches on the ground now straddle assertively across the rails. Royalty having come to live near, the crimson carpet has rolled out frequently from booking-office to platform edge; royalty always chatting with Mr. Mainwaring and directing him to resume the wearing of his silk hat lest he should catch cold, and asking concerning Mrs. Mainwaring's rheumatism. Mr. Mainwaring takes with him into his retirement various signs of royalty's approval, such as gold sleeve-links, meerschaum pipe in case, wrist watch. Bearing himself well in the presence of the great, his deportment there has been much the same as that exhibited toward other passengers; it is said of him that he has never, in the whole course of his official career, given a discourteous word to anybody. Travelers join with the staff in bewailing his departure, and in theorizing apprehensively regarding his successor. The pink of courtesy declare travelers, a model in deportment, and an asset to the good temper of the nation. And, ask members of the staff, where again will you find a highly placed official who, despite his rank, was always ready to open or close carriage doors, give a hand with a trolley, and to treat a porter as though a porter were almost a human being?

'A nice mannered gentleman,' they say, 'belonging to the old school. And the old school, mind you, was n't altogether a bad one.'

The Cornhill Magazine

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BRITISH COURTS-MARTIAL

BY MAJOR GERALD B. HURST, M.P.

MILITARY LAW is 'the law which governs the soldier in peace and in war, at home and abroad.' It is mainly embodied in the Army Act (so-called since 1881, but in earlier times after 1689 called the Mutiny Act), which is yearly brought in force by the Army (Annual) Act. Without this annual reënactment the maintenance of a standing army in time of peace would be unconstitutional and the army's code would be even less amenable to amendment than it is. The Army Act and the Rules of Procedure, framed under its authority, are set out at length in the *Manual of Military Law*, published by the War Office (first edition, 1884), and familiar in every orderly room. It is not quite exhaustive, for Section 8 of King's Regulations is consulted as to offenses against discipline, which come within the province of a Commanding Officer and a Company Commander.

Part I of the Army Act classifies all breaches of Military Law. In practice most fall within the following categories: offenses in the field; mutiny and insubordination; desertion and absence without leave; drunkenness; offenses against custody; corrupt dealings; offenses against property; civil crimes (over which civil courts have concurrent jurisdiction). Whatever wrong may not appear to fall within any among these and other specific groups can still be swept up under such general sections as S. 16, which deals with scandalous behavior 'unbecoming the character of an officer and gentleman,' and S. 40, which covers, 'any act, conduct, disorder, or neglect, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.'

Section 44 of the Army Act sets out a wide range of punishment. For officers and men, there is a liability to sentences of death, penal servitude for a period not less than three years, and imprisonment up to two. Officers can be cashiered or dismissed the service. They can forfeit seniority of rank, and be reprimanded or severely reprimanded. Men can be sentenced to detention up to two years, be discharged with ignominy, be fined, or have (in certain cases such as loss of kit through neglect) stoppages made in their pay.

For military offenses committed overseas in war time, the tribunal is a Field General Court-martial of three members. At home a General Court-martial of nine members, usually with a General as President, deals with cases against officers, and can alone sentence to death or to penal servitude. Other cases at home are normally tried by a District Court-martial with three members, of whom the President is a field officer. This Court's jurisdiction is limited to the award of two years' detention or imprisonment.

It is obvious that great importance attaches to-day to the law and practice of these tribunals, but no branch of law is less touched by public opinion or less known to the ordinary citizen. For this remoteness from scrutiny there are several causes. First, although sittings are theoretically open to the public and the press, no civilian is present as a spectator at nine hundred

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ninety-nine out of every thousand cases at home, or in any case whatever on active service abroad. Secondly, the conditions of military service disable any serving soldier from publishing criticism or comment on Courts-martial. He alone really knows their inner working, and he is muzzled under the ban of King's Regulations. Thirdly, the only civilian influence on the course of Military Law is that of the Judge Advocate General and his department. Their work is one of revision only. They never come in personal touch with a Court-martial. They know neither its atmosphere nor its personnel. Fourthly, Parliamentary discussions on this aspect of army administration have been usually in the hands of men quite unversed in its true routine. During the war much has been said as to possible appeals from death sentences, as to that barbarous survival 'field punishment No. 1,' and as to the treatment of alleged 'conscientious' objectors, but little on other points. The questions that have been thus touched upon are merely on the fringe of our army code.

It would be well for the country if Courts-martial were not so far removed from the influence of public opinion. Military law is inevitably slow to change, for it is wholly the work of lawyers and soldiers. Neither the press nor the politicians have had a hand in its growth. The man in the street knows nothing about it, and thinks darkly of its mysteries. Bernard Shaw has attacked it absurdly as being 'lynch law, administered by a trade union of officers.' Indifference and ignorance on the part of the public are alike unhealthy.

In actual fact, Military Law is a good working code, and its virtues are a great tribute to the fairness and skill of the men who have made it. So far as the letter of the law is concerned, its provisions are at least as favorable to liberty as those of the Common Law, and its procedure is so carefully defined in the Manual that there are probably fewer pitfalls in its practice. Field General Courts-martial overseas have, indeed, an admirably abridged procedure of their own. Among the many safeguards that have been devised against possible injustice, the following may be mentioned. It is the prosecutor's duty to bring out the truth and anything in favor of the accused; he is not to press for a conviction. The accused is entitled to object to be tried by any individual President or other member of the Court where he feels prejudiced. The utmost latitude must be allowed to the accused both in statement and cross-examination. He is always entitled to the help of a 'friend' or counsel. Reasonable facilities are given him to procure the attendance of witnesses. When the Court considers its finding or its sentence, the junior member expresses his view first so as to preclude the possibility of his being overawed by his seniors. On Field General Courts-martial a death sentence must be unanimous. The confirming authority can only reduce a sentence; he cannot increase it. The Manual lays down that the fullest weight must be attached to all mitigating circumstances. If a soldier elects under S. 46 (8) of the Army Act to be tried by Court-martial, instead of accepting his C.O.'s punishment, he can reconsider his choice a day later, and in no case is his charge to be magnified after election, or his penalty to be enhanced.

No one who has often taken part in Courts-martial cases will question the fairness, courtesy, and patience which characterize trials. An accused is given the benefit of any doubt. If the proportion of acquittals is compara-

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tively low, it is due to the care which is usually taken not to convene Courts-martial in the absence of a real *prima-facie* case against an accused.

The war has modified Military Law in very few material points. Its main amendments have been in its administration only.

First, by the Army (Suspension of Sentences) Act, 1915, a soldier can be retained in the field, instead of necessarily undergoing penal servitude or imprisonment. By an amending Act of 1916 his conduct is reported on at intervals not exceeding every three months, and ultimately the sentence can be got rid of altogether if he has shown consistent devotion to duty. This statute saves the firing-line from a leakage of man-power, and rightly enables a man to redeem himself from what is, as often as not, a military crime committed involuntarily or without bad intent.

Secondly, the rough standard of punishments suggested in King's Regulations for various offenses has had to be adapted to the needs of the day. Imprisonment, by which the soldier is relegated to a civil prison, has been practically dropped in the United Kingdom, in favor of the alternative punishment of detention, except in the cases of so-called 'conscientious objectors.' Detention is a purely military punishment. It keeps a prisoner on army work, and he is usually sent overseas as a free man long before the end of his sentence. In the field detention and discharge with ignominy are no longer awarded as punishments. A man is worth more as a fighter than as a prisoner or civilian. A common sentence is 'field punishment No. 2,' which sets a man on many fatigues for a short period under three months in duration, and does not deprive the firing-line of an effective rifle. In this way the claims of discipline have been reconciled with those of man-power.

Thirdly, the office of Courts-martial Officer has been created, with a view to keep Court-martial proceedings more free from legal blunders, and generally to assist General Officers Commanding on legal points. In France the Courts-martial Officer is usually a captain and a junior member of the Court. He invariably records its proceedings, and is a shadowy Judge Advocate in practice. The advantages of having a trained lawyer in this position were so clear that on September 24, 1916, forty-three such posts were established on home service for officers who belong to the legal profession, and more came into being later. Courts-martial Officers act in Great Britain as Judge Advocates (at General Courts-martial), as prosecutors or as mere advisers but their best function is that of actual members of Courts-martial. If of field rank, they can be used as standing Presidents of all District Courts-martial held in their own areas, and thus they not only conduct trials on proper legal lines, but they are also able to unify the standard of punishments, which are apt to vary greatly when in lay hands. Those who (like the writer during the year 1918) have had the good fortune to serve in this capacity under a General of magnanimous mind, will feel that these purposes have been well fulfilled.

The changes mentioned do not, however, touch fundamentals. Military Law remains essentially the same, and few would assert that the nation in arms is as satisfied with its workings as was the old professional army, who never found fault with their code of discipline. Much latter-day discontent is not due to any defect in the law. It arises simply in consequence of the mentality of individual judges. Courts

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have a wide discretion as to punishment, and where an offense is rather against discipline than against morals, the ideas of many old Army officers are on another plane to those of the amateur soldier. The remedy lies in the creation of a recognized standard of punishment in closer harmony with the spirit of our times. No man with war experience will be blind to this great need. On May 19, 1917, X, a boy of sixteen, was sentenced at Sidestrand to a year's detention for striking a young Lance-Corporal when in a temper. The Court recommended him to mercy. The sentence was confirmed and the recommendation ignored by the local General. On December 22, 1917, at Le Quesnoy, near Béthune, H, a Provost-Sergeant in charge of the 42d Divisional prisoners' compound, with a long record of good service and only one entry against him in his conduct sheets, was sentenced for alleged drunkenness after the day's work, to be reduced to the ranks and to undergo one year's imprisonment with hard labor. The sentence was confirmed, though afterwards partially remitted. I know these to be the facts, as I was this man's 'friend.' The remedy for such abuses of justice lies in educating Courts to a better perspective as regards military crimes. Other abuses require more definite modes of reform.

I. One urgent administrative need is to secure greater independence for Courts-martial. In theory they are as free as air. The Manual directs them 'not to allow themselves to be influenced by the consideration of any supposed intention of the convening officer.' Nevertheless, the judgments of Courts are commonly fettered by their awe of a convening General Officer, whose preconceptions of what punishments should be awarded, and of what the Court's findings should be, are perfectly well known to each member. No judge is free when his professional future is wholly in the hands of a convening officer who has shown any warm interest in the Court's decisions. Here are some cases in point. At Suez, in May, 1916, all field officers of the 127th Infantry Brigade were directed to sentence any man convicted of drunkenness to not less than one year's imprisonment with hard labor, whatever his character might be. Two among them, who would not fall in with this drastic standard, were reported by the Brigadier as being 'too kind-hearted to be efficient disciplinarians.'

The same vice flourishes both at home and abroad. On March 20, 1917, at Weybourne, K, who in the belief that he suffered from rupture, had disobeyed an order to take a high jump, was sentenced by a D.C.M. to twenty-eight days' field punishment. The G.O.C. circularized his command with a strongly expressed disapproval of the alleged leniency of this sentence, and at all subsequent D.C.M.'s in that area, a copy of this circular was placed in front of the various Presidents. I saw it done. As recently as October 15, 1917, at La Panne, two soldiers of the Manchester Regiment, charged with trying to plunder an empty pancake shop, were acquitted by F.G.C.M. in the absence of any material evidence in support of the prosecution. The President happened to be a barrister of many years' experience. The 42d Divisional Staff required the President to furnish forthwith in writing a full explanation of his conduct in allowing the acquittals to take place. Such interference is a gross tampering with the course of justice.

A Court has often to hear complaints in respect of the alleged inadequacy of its sentences from a Staff which has never seen or come in personal contact with the individuals concerned in the

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case, and which has no legal training or knowledge. Under any conditions the lot of a Military Court is unenviable. Nothing is more painful than to try some gallant and exhausted boy who has slept at his post; some blundering volunteer who has spoken foolishly in a moment of heat. If the members of a Court have thought fit to temper justice with mercy, it is abominable that they should be pestered by official protests against their actions. Such protests recall Stuart times, and should not be tolerated. 'I can reason with the people of England,' said Erskine when defending Tom Paine in 1792, 'but I cannot fight against the thunder of authority.'

II. No obstacle should be allowed to impede the accused's right to the services of a 'friend.' With all the good will which characterizes Courts-martial, no President or prosecutor can possibly elicit as much in favor of the accused as a legally trained 'friend' who commands his confidence. All impediments to this constitutional right should be penalized. At present it is absolutely secured in cases where death is a possible sentence, but in other cases it is rarely utilized, and its exercise is sometimes positively discouraged. At the Bournemouth Church Army Hut, Suez, on April 16, 1916, in a lecture to the senior officers of the 42d Division, the G.O.C. stated in my hearing that he objected to any of his officers appearing as 'friends' when men of units under his command were being tried. It is difficult to realize that this General was fighting in a 'war to end militarism.'

III. The procedure of all Courts-martial (other than those in the field) involves great waste of time and labor. Everything said is recorded in longhand, word for word, whether material or not, and at the end of every witness's statement, the President has to write down in full, 'His evidence is read to the witness. R. 83 (B) complied with. The witness withdraws.' When the accused gives evidence, the following has to be written: 'The accused takes his stand at the place from which other witnesses give their evidence. The accused is duly sworn. The accused gives his evidence. . . . The evidence of the accused is read to him. R. 83 (B) complied with. The accused withdraws from the place from which he has given his evidence.' A long footnote, to be written compulsorily in red ink, required in most cases of desertion and absence without leave, on page 1 of the proceedings, involves further drudgery. Field General Courts-martial do without this labor, which originated at a time when Presidents required constant reminders as to practice, and it should be done away with on home service, too, now that trials are in more expert hands.

IV. Larger areas should be allotted to Courts-martial Officers on home stations, who are usually much underemployed, especially when not used as standing Presidents or members of all Courts-martial. What Gibbon called 'the wandering life of military servitude' is dull enough without enforced idleness. For the first two hundred and forty-six working days of 1917, the Courts-martial Officer for the Sheringham area had no work of any description on one hundred and nine days.

V. The law's delay in bringing cases to trial before General Courts-martial is extraordinary, especially when contrasted with the admirable dispatch that marks the procedure of District Courts-martial. Thus an officer placed under arrest at a home station on October 19, 1918, on two simple charges of misconduct in a mess, was only tried on November 21, 1918.

VI. We touch law, and not mere

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practice, with regard to the need to establish a more genuine trial by his peers in the case of an officer tried by General Courts-martial. As the law now stands 'the members of a Court-martial for the trial of an officer shall be of an equal, if not superior, rank to that officer . . . and in no case shall an officer under the rank of Captain be a member of a Court-martial for the trial of a field officer ' [R.P. 21 (B)]. A footnote to this rule in the Manual states that 'on the trial of a subaltern officer, two officers of subaltern rank will be a sufficient proportion to be detailed as members of the Court.' The clear intention of the law is that a man should substantially be tried by his equals, neither by his juniors nor exclusively by his seniors. In practice, trial by peers is most uncommon. At the normal General Court-martial an officer is tried by an overwhelming proportion of senior officers — men in most cases belonging in their ideas and education to an entirely different age.

VII. Probably the most urgent reform required is in respect of the present utter inadequacy of the mechanism by which grievances can be redressed. This mechanism is described in Ss. 42 and 43 of the Army Act, King's Regulations adding to it a right to complain to an Inspecting General and (in the case of an officer), a right to interview the Military Secretary. S. 42 provides that if an officer cannot obtain justice from his C.O., he can apply through the C.O. and the usual further channels for the transmission of his complaint to the Army Council. S. 43 provides for a soldier's appeal to his Captain, from the Captain to his C.O., and from the C.O. to the General Officer Commanding. The vast majority of officers with grievances realize the hopelessness of an appeal from one authority to another authority, whose vested interest is to support whatever has been done. Failure leaves the complainant a marked man for life. Any fight with the powers that be means anxiety and official disfavor.

In the practice of our army no redress is normally available in cases of unjust supersession. Promotion by selection is theoretically better than promotion by seniority. The pity is that it so often cloaks jobbery and injustice. It is, of course, difficult to challenge the discretion of a superior officer in the field. Even Macaulay, when Secretary of War in 1841, felt bound to defend Lord Cardigan from well-deserved criticism, on the ground that any interference with his exercise of patronage would 'lead to the most fatal effects to the whole of our military system.'

Nevertheless, it is only right that Parliament should devise means to guarantee officers and N.C.O.'s against the wreck of their military careers, whether through mere caprice on the part of their superiors, or through defective information on the part of the War Office officials concerned in questions of promotion. This can be done by simplifying the existing machinery for complaints so as to admit of such amendment to the Army Act as will insure fair play without prejudicing discipline.

VIII. Military Law during the whole war failed to solve the problem of the 'conscientious' objector to military service, who refuses to obey orders. The State has failed to achieve either of its objects — (i) to make the man a good soldier; or (ii) to render his lot permanently less pleasant than that of the man who did his duty as a citizen.

If the nation were ever again involved in war, any malcontent recruit should be separated immediately after enlistment from the company with

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whom he has in all probability joined up. Most cases of this kind have occurred among batches of men from areas particularly affected with Bolshevism. If the objector is removed from 'evil communications' and thrown into the great fraternity of the army, he has a better chance of finding his manhood.

Objectors who prove obdurate should be employed on genuine non-combatant war service while under sentence, and should be disfranchised for life. If of foreign nationality, like an affluent Italian hair dresser from Kentish Town, who stated that 'I follow Trotzky and oppose a capitalists' war' when tried for disobedience on July 27, 1918, they should be deported.

IX. No sketch of Military Law reform would be complete without a few words as to 'Field Punishment No. 1.' This involves the attachment of a prisoner in irons 'for a period or periods not exceeding two hours in any one day to a fixed object, but he must not be so attached during more than three out of any four consecutive days, nor during more than twenty-one days in all.' The fixed object is often a tree or a wheel. A Court-martial can impose this punishment for a period up to three months; a C.O. up to twenty-eight days. It is not given on home service, but it is only too common in the field. It means acute mental misery, as it is endured in the sight of a man's comrades, and often in full view of civilians of alien race. So long as the first-line Territorial units of 1914 retained their own field officers, they had no occasion to practise this grim relic of the Regular Army's penal code. The closing phase of a triumphant war waged 'to make the world safe for democracy' might well witness its abolition.

The Contemporary Review

THE OLD LIGHTERMAN: A SUSSEX SKETCH

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The Rother Valley at its start is no more than a green runnel between the hills that bank it at Rotherfield, then gradually it spreads to a marshy half-mile under Luckhurst Crouch, but never with more than a jumping-brook in the middle. This is the Rother — godfather of many fields and farms and hursts, and once the bearer of strange fleets into the heart of Sussex — now little more than a ditch, sluggish and thick with reeds.

At Robertsbridge — the old Rother Bridge — it becomes more sophisticated. It works a mill, and boats nose their way down it between the reed-beds. At Bodiam the first barge is seen, its orange sail flung out against a green background of marsh — which at Northiam has the width of a couple of miles, and at the Isle of Oxney has spread and forked, carrying the streams of the Rother and of the Reading Sewer past the field-patched hump of the isle into deserts of swamp beyond. The Reading Sewer, with the White

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Kemp Sewer and other tributaries, winds into the quagging ground of Shirley Moor. The Rother flows on to meet the Royal Military Canal at the Fivewatering. And now it recalls its old, proud days, when it carried Danish navies up to Newenden; its current, swelled and brined with the tide, flows broadly and swiftly past Star Lock, and under the imposing iron bridge which bears the Southeastern Railway — and is built so as to look as like the Forth Bridge as possible. It loops round the hill of Rye, and every half-mile takes it by some dwindled relic of its past — the site of old Rye Harbor, before the sea had treacherously ebbed to Camber; the once prosperous and industrial Broomhill, now a clump of weather-mottled cottages; the site of the first Rye, built magnificently to rule the waves, and then drowned — and on through the land which was once sea, where navies sailed their wooden castles, and Frenchmen fought Englishmen, while Kings watched the battle — to the sea that was once land, flowing into it with a brash of spindrift and lathers of foam that lie in long yellow suds against the shingle.

The stranger in Rye is at first bewildered by the number of streams that flow round it. The river Tillingham suddenly swells to magnificence after a humble course through farmyards at the back of Udimore, and the Brede is nearly as wide as the Tillingham at the Sluice, though a boy could jump it under Sprays Hill. It was through this confusion of streams that I came to know the old Lighterman. He was standing on the Tillingham shore down by Gasson's Wharf, and heard my companion ask me if this was the Rother.

'Beg pardon, Sir and Marm, this äunt the Rother. Rother's over beyond the town, surelye — by Star Lock.'

I remembered Star Lock and the little inn that stands blotted against the hill which was once a cliff and the shore of England.

'You'll forgive me telling you, Sir and Marm, but I've bin lighterman on the Rother fur forty year, so I reckon I shud ought to know.'

We reckoned the same, and I tried to picture a life spent in that calm journey to and fro between the green marshes, under an orange sail. I tried to imagine a manhood given to the traffic of that sheltered strip of country beyond Iden Hill — the eternal green of it, the quiet of the marsh hayfields, and of the pastures so still that you can hear the munching of the cows as you glide down the river — the farms that lie like red, rotting apples in the grass. . . . I asked him how far up-stream he could go.

'No furder than Bojum, surelye. The stream's too shaller and too narrer after that, and you'd stick in the mud if you wur to pass Ewhurst Hatch — ten foot of mud there is under the Rother.'

'And how long does it take you to get to Bodiam?'

'Maybe it täakes the day, and maybe longer. If the wind's westerly, that'll kip yer slow, fur I reckon thur äunt much tacking on Rother River. I'd put off from Star Lock at sun-up on a May mornun, and be under Norjum Bridge at three after noon. Then maybe at five o'clock I'd moor at Bojum Wharf and start unloading — till dark, and then I'd roll myself araound and have my sleep in the bows till marnun. I'd get shut of the job before noon, and then go back empty, or maybe wud a passenger.'

Of course, he explained, he often had a cargo to unload at Northiam or at Wittersham Bridge, and sometimes there were cargoes of roots or hay to take back to Rye — in which case the

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journey to and fro might take him a week. Nevertheless, it made one stagger to think of the number of times he must have sailed up the river at the rate of three or four knots an hour, through the same unvaried flatness of Wet Level, and the stillness of Methersham, edging his craft through the narrow stream between Newenden Bridge and Bodiam, where the reeds stroked the tar off her bulging sides, to his final anchorage under Bodiam Bridge, and the slow unloading, helped perhaps by a farm boy or two.

He was quite ready to talk, and told me a good deal about himself that afternoon, and on one or two other occasions when I sought him out at Gasson's Wharf. He was there almost every day, smoking a clay pipe. He wore a blue woolen jersey and a bargee's cap, and round his face the peculiar frill of whiskers characteristic of Rye and Hastings fishermen. He was not an uncomely old fellow, but much less tanned and weather-beaten than a sea-going man would have been. The climate of the Rother Valley is damp and gentle — one rarely sees a wave, and when the sou'wester is rattling and flapping round old Rye it does little more than bow the peaceful reeds under the lee of the Isle of Oxney. All the same, the old lighterman had once been wrecked.

'By Blackwall Bridge it wur. I run on the mud one pit-black night, and she begun to leak — that wur the Mary Gasson, a dunnamany years agone. Her seams got a bit of a gape, and the water cäum in and spiled a cargo of wurzels that I were täaking downstream from Marsh Quarter. Howsumdever, they cäum at last from Prawls Farm and dug me out — took 'em all night, it dud, she wur stuck that tedious fast — and mäade water all the way back, though I stuffed my coat in the leak.'

Collisions also took place, but were not looked on as wrecks. Neither must they be considered occasions for the exchange of language supposed to be characteristic of bargees. The lightermen of the Rother Valley were singularly mild of mouth.

'Oald Mus' Body he bumped into my Mary's stern wud his Camber Mermaid. I fell flat and he fell flat and lost his hat overboard, and we wur an hour fishing it up. But that wur n't naun to the time when young Sid Bourne cäum tearing down stream wud his Tiger Lily, after täaking a dunnamany pints aboard at Norjum Inn. When I saw un tacking about, a mile off, I says to my boy, "Jerry, that feller's drunk." And so he wur, summat tedious, and I knowed as he'd be into me sure as a butting ram when he'd got to my bit of the river. There's no dodging a drunken man on Rother River, surelye. So wot 'd 'yer reckon I dud? I saw as I'd have to do summat or naun, so I *räaced* un to the mouth of the Highknock Sewer, and flew up the dyke, though there wur scarce room fur my keel among the reedses. I waited till he go by, tacking just anyhow, and then I come out and see him run his nose on to the bank, at the bend under Baron's Grange. He wur dead asleep when I come up, so I tell my boy to hang our spare lantern on un, to warn other craft, and we leave word at Mockbeggar fur them to come and dig un out in the marnun.'

The old man told me of this adventure more than once. He evidently looked upon it as a thrilling experience, and so, no doubt, should I, if I could have forgotten that the 'racing,' 'tearing,' and 'flying' craft were probably going at a speed of three or four miles an hour. Howsumdever — his favorite conjunction is infectious — in the life of a Rother lighterman such an excitement would show up as startling

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against the background of uneventful years, empty and narrow as the river marshes. Old Jury had been only twice on the railway, and had never gone further than Hastings. Appledore he looked upon as rather a gay place, where one went occasionally in search of dissipation. He knew a man who had spent a year's savings there in a single day. It would have been interesting to know how. . . .

He was a widower, and lived with a daughter who kept house for him near Brede Sluice. His wife had come from Lossenham, up the river, and he had wooed her seven years — for no particular reason, except that the life of a Rother lighterman is not one likely to encourage the spirit of hustle. Those were the days when the river herbs were still trusted for healing, and Mrs. Jury had some renown among the farms as a herbalist. She prescribed cowslip wine for sleeplessness, and considered goose-grass taken in porridge as a good remedy for affections of the skin. She cured love and toothache with equal success — the former with 'conserve of marigold flowers,' and the latter with a recipe of clover, primrose leaves, and pounded yarrow.

It was through the daughter, whom I once saw at the Sluice, that I heard there had been a tragedy in old Jury's life — the tragedy of another daughter, drowned in Rother River. There had been trouble first, I gathered, and disgrace, and love for which 'conserve of marigold' was no cure; but the sister was not explicit, and the father never once referred to the matter. The waters of the Rother flowed peacefully over his sorrow. They hid it from prying eyes and his own too bitter memories; and no doubt he felt that he could trust Rother River, which had borne his keel on so many journeys, at the end of the last journey to give him back to his dead.

Everyman

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: A BRITISH ESTIMATE

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

When I was very young and very wise and conscious only of the second qualification I fell in with a group of young men who, like myself, made literature their chief interest. Confession is good for one's conceit; and here I confess that the most contemptuous word we young decadents could find was the word 'healthy.' 'A terribly healthy book' was the final condemnation: the author passed hurriedly into an unread oblivion. It would be easy to blame us too much. The love of the morbid, the odd, the unusual, the exotic is often found in very healthy people: Tennyson and Jowett spent a whole night together, in their sober middle age, discussing notorious murders. It is only the invalids who insist on the robust in art. Yet I find it hard to forgive myself the misuse of that beautiful word health; only a boy in rude health, ignorant or careless of all its laws, could so misuse it. I was made aware of the misuse in this way. Talking about

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books to a friend I praised Lowell, whom I had loved and learned since I was in the early teens. My friend, who at the time was translating one of Mallarmé's more lucid poems, exclaimed reproachfully, 'Lowell is terribly healthy, a more vigorous Tennyson.' I upheld my belief in Lowell, and only gained a reputation for eccentricity. To-day, if I were asked to give Lowell's most characteristic quality, I think I should say in praise what was then said in blame, and laud him for his health. Health, as a distinct æsthetic quality is a peculiar mark of a great many authors who otherwise have few connecting links. Great authors and good authors are without it — for instance, I do not find it in Dickens, or Carlyle, or Milton, or Stevenson; it is obviously lacking in Richardson and Sterne, and Pope and George Moore. It is evidently present in Fielding, in Kingsley, in Whyte-Melville, in Browning, and in Lowell. It is not a moral quality, and it is unusual to find it in the greatest men, such as Browning; for the great poets usually live and write on a plane which has transcended the particular sort of moral vigor that is to be found in lesser men. On the other hand, it is rare to find its opposite, the sin the theologians call *accidia*, in the great artists. A great artist may have an attack of it, but it will not be a permanent quality of his work, as it is of Poe's, of de Quincey's, or of Baudelaire's.

This quality of health has a cathartic virtue; the authors who possess it will brace their readers, will give something of that freshness and clearness which belong to the Northeast wind whom Kingsley sang. Lowell in particular, of all the nineteenth-century poets, has a power of emotional refreshment, of evolving a sound and glad mood, of recalling to the most jaded the inalienable claims of honesty and truth and fair-dealing, the beauty of truth and righteousness and human brotherhood. In some of his work this is perhaps a little too obvious. His popularity on the pulpit and the platform has been great, and there are still some quotations from him which are invaluable in perorations. It is easy to laugh at this. But Lowell's rhetoric is the true eloquence of a man naturally moved; and if it has been misused or overused that is no fault of his. The present age has, after a weary period of flat utterances by incredulous politicians, seen once more how great a task true eloquence can accomplish; and possibly the men who have listened to or read the speeches of Woodrow Wilson may turn with a fresh interest to the gallant poems and the sunny, well-balanced essays of James Russell Lowell.

Lowell's work as a critic is in that old American tradition which always seems more English than the English. No one has caught the atmosphere of English country life as has Washington Irving; and no one has rendered the savor of old college libraries better than Lowell. He had a respect for and a knowledge of the English language which were rare in English essayists; it comes out again and again in his defense of Americanisms, and in his plea for the older and more sonorous pronunciation of such words as ocean and patience. No reader of the essays on Chaucer or Pope can fail to notice the breadth of Lowell's sympathy, and the extent of his knowledge. And his judgment is as sure as his knowledge. The essay on Pope remains one of the fairest criticisms on an author, difficult for a man of Lowell's feelings and periods to appreciate at all. I do not know where you will find a better couclusion to the Pope controversy than his final sentences:

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He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivaled.

It is to the essay on Chaucer that I should send anyone who wishes to test Lowell's highest capacity as a critic. With the exception of a rather dubious excursus on the Anglo-Saxon and his capacity for art, there is not a page in it which does not display insight, quick appreciation, shrewd sense, and a generous enthusiasm for beauty and honesty. Honesty in an author was a sure passport to Lowell's heart; the lack of it made him immediately suspicious. When Carlyle took to praising Frederick, Lowell's sound sense revolted against the panegyric bestowed on a man 'very far below any lofty standard of heroic greatness.' In Chaucer he found and praised a simplicity, a downrightness, a naturalness which are rare in any literature, and especially rare in an art so consummate as Chaucer's; and I think Lowell was the first considerable critic to claim for Chaucer his high place as 'one of the most purely original of poets, as much so in respect of the world that is about us as Dante in respect of that which is within us.' And how good and just is this:

The very form of the *Canterbury Tales* was imaginative. The garden of Boccaccio, the supper party of Grazzini, and the voyage of Giraldi make a good enough thread for their stories, but exclude all such equals and friends, exclude consequently human nature in its wider meaning. But by choosing a pilgrimage, Chaucer puts us on a plane where all men are equal, with souls to be saved, and with another world in view that abolishes all distinctions. By this choice, and by making the Host of the Tabard always the central figure, he has happily united the two most familiar emblems of life — the short journey and the inn. We find more and more as we study him that he rises quietly from the conventional to the universal, and may fairly take his place with Homer in virtue of the breadth of his humanity.

Good critic as Lowell is, it is his poetry which gives him his secure place in our affections. He wrote at a time when the world was full of the vision of poets; and in this country he has never, I think, quite had justice done to him. He has always had vehement admirers, men like Hughes and Ludlow, who strove to popularize his work, and succeeded in getting an audience for the *Biglow Papers* and a few of the narrative and lyrical poems. And he has always, I think, been loved beyond measure by those to whom his poetry came early with the breath of health and the promise of dawn upon it. He is without Longfellow's almost excessive mellifluousness; but his best verse has a vigor and a virility which no American poet save Whitman can approach. Such a poem as 'The Parable' carries the charm of rhetorical verse, the peculiar direct appeal of eloquent statement as far as it can go. It is in the tradition of which Hood is the best exponent in England. Indeed, I think that in Hood we have the nearest parallel to Lowell. Hood had not Lowell's learning, and was more of a professional fun-maker; but each poet has a whimsical, friendly outlook on life; each has an ingenuity in verse-making which is at times an actual danger; and each suffered from the proximity of greater authors than himself. Just as Hood's verse stands in a position of tutelage to Keats's, so Lowell's debt to Wordsworth and Tennyson is obvious; yet in each case it is easy for the careless reader to overlook the power and beauty of the lesser poet's production. Indeed, in Lowell's case it might be argued that it is rather that his verse, like that of

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his English contemporaries, derives from the great traditional sources of English poetry. Yet Lowell was not, in any sense, a derivative poet; he was not disciple to any man in the way, for instance, that O'Shaughnessy was disciple to Swinburne. His serious verse is not of the first rank, frequently not even of the second; but it is as definitely his own as is Kingsley's or John Davidson's. He is one of those poets for whom his predecessors' work has been not a model to imitate, but an inspiration as natural and as fecundatory as the glad things of nature and the deep things of life. He had, again resembling Hood, the lithe imagination which responds readily to the beauty which has already been expressed in art; an imagination in no wise unresponsive to the great things of the real world, but touched more quickly if those truths are presented to it in a form which already owes something to art. His one grave fault is a tendency which he himself mocks at in his *Fable for Critics* and in *The Origin of Didactic Poetry:* I suppose the self-portrait in the *Fable* is still well known, but the criticism in *The Origin* may be less familiar. The poem describes Athene's desperate efforts to write verse, the boredom which ensues when she recites her poems on Olympus, and how she finally tore her manuscripts to pieces and flung them through 'Olympus's back window.' Then Lowell describes their fate:

> The verses? Some in ocean swilled,
> Killed every fish that bit to 'em;
> Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
> Found morphine the residuum;
> But some that rotted on the earth
> Sprang up again in copies,
> And gave two strong narcotics birth,
> Didactic verse and poppies.

Yet Lowell's own didactic verse can hardly claim to have soporific powers. It suffers at times from over-emphasis, it rouses opposition by its vehement and boldly stated preference; it is, in short, rhetoric rather than poetry — but what good rhetoric it is! The last verse of the stanzas to Freedom has been thumbed out of all freshness by every tub-thumping orator, used and misused in all sorts of strange causes, tied in doleful tatters to the cars of alien and unpleasant parties — but even now it rings true metal, and I am certain would gain a sure response in simple hearts:

> They are slaves who fear to speak
> For the fallen and the weak;
> They are slaves who will not choose
> Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think;
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three.

A man is poor in imagination and thin in blood if he cannot realize how triumphant a defiance that stanza was, how clear a challenge, how proud a war-cry in the great struggle on whose outcome depended the very existence of the United States.

The poet's first function, some would say, was to cheer the warrior into battle; his second to console those left behind with generous praise of the fighting and the fallen. Rarely have poets in historical times fulfilled the first of these duties. There is nearly always something stiff and ceremonial about the occasional poems written during war. Here Lowell is the great exception. It can be seen how great an exception if we stop to think how English literature would have gained had we possessed a Lowell during our civil wars, or a Lowell during the great wars with Napoleon. The first Biglow Paper and the first poem were a violent attack, a scathing and unanswerable satire on the Mexican war. It started a series of poems which has no parallel in English literature. There

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are points, no doubt, in which the Lowell of the *Biglow Papers* touches the Burns of the *Jolly Beggars;* but the aims of the two poets are so different that the resemblance is scarcely more than superficial. By all the rules of chance the *Biglow Papers* should have been mere journalism; but Lowell's white-hot sincerity, his passion, his sense for freedom and righteousness have burned so into the poems that they remain still a flaming fire against all oppression and untruth and dishonesty. Is there any political platform in any country where the remarks of Increase D. O'Phace would not be still suitable? Increase is complaining that their member has voted the wrong way:

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a poisonous rig
Would be run by a chap that wuz chose fer a Wig?
We knowed wut his princerples wuz 'fore we sent him?
Wut wuz there in them from the vote to pervent him?
A marciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller;
. . . . . .
Ain't princerple precious? then, who's going to use it
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?
I can't tell the way on 't, but nothin' is *so* sure
Ez that princerple kind o' gits spiled by exposure.

And I hope that some one at the Peace Conference will recite the Pious Editor's Creed. It would not be a bad thing if it were said every morning before the Conference opened. Anatole France might be trusted to give a very perfect French equivalent for some of those immortal stanzas:

I du believe that I should give
Wat's his'n unto Cæsar;
Fer it's by him I move and live
By him my bread and cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription —
Life, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things of thet description.

I du believe in prayer and praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs — in everythin' that pays,
But most of all in Cantin';
This doth my cup with mercies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest —
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest.

Never have any political poems been so full of point, so biting and at the same time so generous. There are poems of Swift's which can compare with the Biglow Poems for irony and bitterness and anger; but in Swift there is always a strange inhuman note, a kind of indifference which makes us move uneasily, as under the flail of a god, rather than from the buffets of a fellow man. That is the most abiding thing in Lowell's best verse — the sense of human brotherhood, of comradeship, of equality. It is something which is the mark of a good deal of American, as of English literature; but Lowell does not make so much a display of it as Whitman, or some of Whitman's English disciples, and yet I feel it is with him a sincerer and more natural thing. His humanity and fellowship are like the fellowship of Dickens or of Lamb. He is one of the companionable authors who do not trouble greatly always to be at their best, but who give you what they can when they can. Considering rather your need than their capacity, they may not be the greatest artists, but they have the charm of good company, and that is a thing which is surely one of the most valuable and heartsome things in literature. Lowell is the kind of author who could make you put up with a coal shortage; there are many greater men of whom that could never be said.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

THE English language declined steadily through the nineteenth century, and in the last twenty years the declension has continued with accelerated speed. At the beginning of the last century Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt, were writing for the daily, weekly, and quarterly press, as well as publishing poems and essays. Heavens! How those fellows could write! After Waterloo, we had Shelley writing *The Cenci*, and Byron writing *Don Juan* while in the region of journalism Cobbett was producing his best *Registers* and his *Rural Rides*. Cobbett was a spiteful, vain, unscrupulous beast as a controversialist: but his English is pure, racy, and exhilarating. Cobbett had a knack of finding out the weak spot in an antagonist's body, and of pasting on a nickname that stuck. All fundholders were, according to him, Jews, and he spoke of their wives as 'sooty-necked Jewesses' — what an adjective! The eloquent Erskine took a peerage in the style of Baron Erskine and Clackmannan. Cobbett always referred to him as 'Baron Clackmannan' — there was genius in that, as in his nicknaming Lord Goderich — the transient and embarrassed phantom — 'prosperity Robinson.' But Cobbett is by the way: he is a much neglected master of English prose. After the great Reform Bill and the accession of the girl Queen and her German husband, we had a fresh departure in English literature. That was the period of Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Browning, and Tennyson, a prolific and rhetorical period.

But the mechanical age was already beginning, the age of cheap postage, railways, steamships, and, finally, of electricity, which affected the style of literature silently and rapidly. When it cost tenpence to send a letter two hundred miles, people took pains that their letters should contain something worth reading. The amount of literary ability evoked and perfected by the practice of correspondence among men and women of the upper and middle classes can only be realized by those who have been allowed or obliged to read Georgian and early Victorian letters. Rowland Hill's penny postage, which was started soon after Victoria's accession, killed the art of letter writing. People wrote scrappy stupid notes about trivial matters — it only cost a penny. What the penny post began, the telegraph, and later the telephone, and the typewriter, completed. We do not remember ever to have received a well-written, informative, or witty letter in our life. Railways and steamships produced a restlessness which motors have aggravated. Toward the end of the Victorian period was witnessed a frequent phenomenon in morals and literature, a reaction, namely, against the fashion of the hour, the last leap of the dying fire. Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde in prose, and Swinburne in poetry, developed a verbal scrupulosity, an excessive fondness for words, which was really a subconscious protest against the coarse carelessness of the penny paper and the cheap novel. But the reaction was short-lived, and was indeed discredited by the conduct of Oscar Wilde. It is absurd, no doubt,

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but none the less true, that Wilde's life more than canceled the service which his pen rendered to English literary style. We speak, of course, of the present generation. Fifty or a hundred years hence it will no more matter that Wilde was a sexual pervert than that Sheridan was a drunkard.

Whatever the Fabians and other dour economists may write, the individual counts, and the masses are nothing. The perversity of a few individuals made style in writing immoral. Alongside of this eccentric and disturbing force, there was the steady pressure of the mechanical age, the diversion of the best brains from what used to be called 'the professions,' *i.e.*, the Bar, the Church, Medicine, and Literature, to engineering, chemistry, and stock-jobbing. At the back of this materialistic movement there arose the apparition, grimy enough, of millions of half-educated hand-workers, worse than uneducated, half-educated, disbelieving Christianity, laughing at duty, only set on the apolaustic life in whatever coarsest form they could reach it. Football matches, coursing, race meetings, films, theatres, eating, and drinking, these were the things that preoccupied the millions; and to please them a new illustrated press, reaping huge profits, sprang into being. But the new press was obliged to speak the language of the new millions, and cunningly. Therefore, they bid for the best writers, according to repute, of the day. One of the new millionaire papers can and will pay for a thousand words as much as an old quarterly or monthly magazine will pay for five thousand words. What is the result? The young men with a real aptitude for style go into the millionaire press business: for though Talleyrand said he saw no reason why people should live, his opinion has never been popular. Compression is good, and is to be learned only of the Greeks and Romans: but the perpetual necessity of squeezing into a thousand words conclusions on important subjects is, in the long run, fatal to style. And that is what has happened to most of the young writers of the rising generation.

The mechanical age, not the extension of the franchise or compulsory education, has produced democracy, and democracy has produced casual manners, which are hostile to, or careless of, literary form. '*Moi je suis beaucoup pour la forme*,' says Bridoison, in the comedy of Beaumarchais. The last thing which the young man of the democratic age cares about is '*la forme*.' The style, if it can be called so, most in favor to-day is the hands-in-the-pocket—turned-up-trouser style of the cheap illustrated paper. The language is horribly stuffed with unintelligible slang from America and the Colonies. A dramatically familiar form of address is adopted in writing, and everything is contracted. Plenipotentiary becomes 'plenipot.,' and the headline is the thing. All this is fatal to the English language. It would be prudish to deny that novelists like Messrs. Wells and Bennett are masters of a certain kind of English. But it is in description alone that they excel. Mr. Anthony Hope among novelists, and Mr. E. V. Lucas among essayists, endeavor, against an adverse current of slang, to maintain the purity and dignity of our tongue. In one of the most eloquent passages of his preface to the English Dictionary Johnson wrote: 'If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce in silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life

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may be lengthened by care, though death cannot ultimately be defeated: tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our Constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.' The Dictionary was a very famous and successful struggle for our language: it excited Chesterfield; it drew a pension from Bute; it supplied George III with a vocabulary which many a modern leader-writer might envy. But it had not to combat a millionaire syndicated press. The deterioration of the English language is not confined to these islands; it is even more noticeable in the United States and the Colonies. The use of the nouns 'sense' and 'stress' as verbs and of such an adjective as 'tendencious' is pure barbarism. Slang and corrupt words and vulgar expressions are bad enough; but the insincerity of the press is a deeper moral fault. The character of the public man is nearly always the reverse of his portrait in the daily press. The reality of a transaction is nearly always the opposite of the narratives ladled out to the millions to suit the ends of a government or a capitalist group. Thus the lie on the pen of the hireling works its way inward until it is the lie in the soul of the multitude. When a language becomes corrupt and degenerate, be sure that it responds to callousness and sensuality in the character of the nation.

The Saturday Review

HOME AGAIN

BY N. GODFREY

Wives of soldiers expected many trials, but the trial that they did not expect was that of a demobilized husband. I mean they did not expect that he would be a trial. We had been married a good many years, and had a family, when war was a year old and my man went into the army. He is home now, demobilized. He is glad. I am glad. The children are glad. But the settling-down process has been rather unsettling for all of us. My man has thoroughly enjoyed his army career, and has had an enthralling, interesting time, especially during these last two years, spent in France, where he was a member of a mess. All his messmates were the best of good fellows. He had a devoted batman. His billet was generally comfortable, the mess cook a wonder, and his work exciting. The first two weeks of his return home were spent as we spent all his none-too-frequent leaves — very joyously. But 'leave' is not everyday life. 'Leave' is a thing apart and full of happy and precious memories. A demobbed household has to get back to everyday affairs.

What does a man on fourteen days leave, twice a year, know of rations and coupons? Nothing. Everybody sets out to give him a good time and to share their all with him. When he is home for good he is soon taught that one ounce of butter goes a very short

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way and that margarine is a thing one gets used to when one tries very hard. Our Daddy had his first ration lesson one tea-time, when the youngest of the family cried out in horror. 'Look at the 'normous spoonful of jam Daddy is taking! Mummy, do tell him he must spread it very thinly.' Visions of the unlimited supply of army jam rose before Daddy, and he felt restless. The children don't obey his word of command as readily as his men did. They are badly disciplined, he says, and I am quite sure they are. Also they are three and a half years older than when Daddy left for the war. They have only known one authority during that time, and it has been an easier-going one than the one created by the army. It is hard on Daddy when he arranges an outing on the children's half-holidays to find all the young people have already made their arrangements — one to play in a hockey match, another a game of basket-ball, another is going to tea with a school friend. Moreover, they don't much like these outings with Daddy. They bear too close a resemblance to a route march; the discipline is very military, and they are very tiring. At first they were too polite to say so, but it was n't long before they made him understand that though they loved him very much they had their own lives to live and their own games to play. And it was as well to begin as they meant to go on, and 'they just hated these long walks terribly.' But Daddy comes into his own when homework is being done for next school day. They are all eager for his company then. The most difficult sums are made easy with Daddy explaining them. Euclid and geometry are rendered simple. French becomes an interesting lesson with Daddy's help. They have discovered a use for Daddy and all is well.

When the 'leave' period of the demobbed state was on we were all eager to take the place of the devoted batman who has vanished with Daddy's nice uniform. We regret that uniform; we were proud of the three 'pips' on it. We thought it looked fine. We all helped him to find things as he dressed; we fetched and carried for him. Now we avoid his room at the dressing hour. We have to be cruel to be kind. Everyday life is too short to act the part of batman — every day. I know our evening meal compares sadly with that cheery mess dinner 'over there,' and, besides, whiskey is difficult to get. We sit over the fire of an evening and I do a good deal of talking; we play a quiet game; we have some music; he looks absent, and gets very restless. He misses the best thing the army gave him — his friends and those comrades with whom he associated daily, in work, in anxiety, and in play, and who have become very dear to him in these years of war. Why does n't he open out about the disappointment Blighty and demobilization are being to him? For they are a disappointment. He finds his native place not the same place it was to him before the war. He thinks we folks in it are all tired and lifeless — and yet he dislikes intensely the energy we sum up when we want to board an already overcrowded 'bus, and is equally annoyed with the patience we show as we wait quietly in queues for railway tickets and things we want. His return to business life is another grievance; he had a forlorn hope that because he had been away so long and done his bit that somebody there might be glad to see him back again. If there was a welcome, he did not see it or feel it. He was merely a competitor coming in among them to get his share of any business going, and was treated accordingly. The close atmosphere

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in the city stifled him, his starched shirt and collar worried him, and his civilian boots pinched him. His coupon lunch only made him hungrier, and the quality of the beer made him angry.

I only hope he does not know that we too are suffering. A man in the house does upset one's arrangements. We have got into the free-and-easy ways inevitable in a home run on the 'no man to consider' lines. We had almost forgotten the difference a man's presence makes in the work of a household. Meals must be punctual and more thought given to them. More thought means more shopping — and shopping seems to be more tiresome and difficult and to take up more time than ever. One by one I have dropped the 'war works' I had taken up to fill in the dreary days of war; there is no leisure for them now, and they were only meant to fill in time till my man came back; but they were interesting and entertaining, and, compared with the increased round of household duties, should not have been called 'works.' On looking back I find they had become pleasures. But now they are things of the past, like our 'spare' room. It's hardly fair to call it that. Before the war it was known as 'Daddy's room,' and in it he had all his belongings — no one else ever kept anything in it. It was sacred to his clothes, books, cricket bats, and golf clubs, and we did n't intend to take advantage of his absence and turn it into a general storeroom, but we did. My sewing-machine went in one day; the laundry basket and the boy's scooter found a home there; one by one the drawers were filled with the girls' party frocks and the boy's best suits. The best table-linen took up its abode on one of the shelves of the wardrobe. Everything we could n't find a place for went into Daddy's room — and we miss that room; we seem very tightly packed without it. I also miss the financial freedom the monthly check from Cox and Co., and other army allowances gave me; it was n't a millionaire's income, but it had n't to be asked for — it came. The husband is once again banker for the household, and has to be reminded now and then that it takes a lot of money to keep a family going these days, and I am not sure that I enjoy this return to the 'pre-war' order of things. But we are glad he is demobbed!

The Manchester Guardian

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

FACING REALITIES IN FRANCE

BY J. H. ROSNY, AINÉ

THERE is sand in the wheels of State. The nation is returning to work, but painfully, and the government is fighting against a financial crisis and a social upheaval. It is not surprising that the situation is a difficult one. Four years of the most terrible of all wars, a hundred and sixty billions dissolved in expenses, the industries of the North destroyed, with a hundred and twenty billions of damages, the immorality which follows every great war, the necessity of turning munition works into useful factories, the clamors of millions of beings who are turning to the State for aid — demobilized soldiers, widows, orphans, the helpless. . . . It is Chaos.

There has been hope that Germany could be made to help. On first considerations, the imposing of heavy tribute upon Germany seemed quite the simplest of affairs. She has not suffered a single one of those blows which, for the moment, have paralyzed our richest industries, our most flourishing factories, our coal mines, our fertile fields of Flanders, Picardy, Champagne, and the Ardennes. In Germany all is intact, all save that which has been ruined by the suspension of trade and the momentary abandonment of certain products. Everywhere, the factories stand ready to produce, the mines are intact. In spite of this, Germany stumbles, revolutions delay the revival of economic life, and our necessity of fighting her formidable competition does not lead us to favor either her commerce or her industry. She has but little gold, and if we seize it, the paper mark will undergo a new disorder. Germany will pay, this is not to be doubted, but only after painful struggles and delays.

In short, certain difficulties, the clash of interests, the rise of unseen and formidable obstacles are paralyzing us. So much for extenuating circumstances. Nevertheless, neither the government nor individual citizens are blameless. The government could, while waiting, have torn a fine billion or two from those leeches who have drunk and still are drinking the noblest blood of France. Vigilance, clear sightedness, the quality of carrying action to a finish were necessary. But these qualities were lacking, and some accuse certain members of the governing group of having thrust a stick between the spokes of the national wheel. The result is that while Great Britain has been able to preserve twenty billions, we have barely been able to save a miserable tenth of that sum. Again, robbery and jobbing were more rarely found at our neighbor's than at home. To sum up, the ministers hesitate and argue, and Clemenceau cannot do everything.

As for individual citizens, they appear timid and something like fish out of water. Many of them, spoiled by the war, do not seem at all ready for normal times. Their incomes were so sure and so great, that they have got into the habit of wanting the greatest amount of money for the least amount of risk and pain. Moreover, they are more than ever inclined to carry out a policy of economic Malthusianism. In the interim, we behold them hurling themselves upon their fellow citizens. They make desperate efforts to main-

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tain the high cost of living, I should say, to increase the high cost of living. The sweet custom has intrenched itself. It has perverted numberless producers, even those deep in the country, and it has multiplied the vermin of rascally agents and off-color speculators. Sold too dear to begin with, the cost of merchandise grows like a snowball; when it arrives at the consumer its price has doubled, tripled, quadrupled — been increased ten times. The government has made some laudable but hitherto incoherent efforts. The ministers remind one of captive birds who at the least alarm, jump crazily from perch to perch. And the speculators jeer at M. Boret as they jeered at M. Violette. Thus we have assisted at the most terrifying and cynical of internal wars; the Frenchman has been plucked, bled, and starved by Frenchmen. The love of lucre has been spread broadcast, and the *nouveaux riches* have blossomed by myriads. On the face of it, such a moral condition is a bad one in which to stage the revival of economic life. But the nation can be saved only by an intense activity of production, and production will perforce induce a fall in prices, a result which our cut-throats are fighting tooth and nail.

Come what may, we must escape from this present state of affairs. France victorious cannot continue to endure the lot of France conquered. They are daily dinning into our ears that our natural wealth is incalculable, and that the return of Alsace-Lorraine to the family fold has greatly increased it. We can, therefore we *ought*, to live in prosperity. The truth is that we shall have to set to work resolutely. Let the honest manufacturers and business men form an alliance, let the punishments prepared for speculators be genuinely severe. It is not an hour for hesitations. If the game that is now going on lasts a few years longer, one of the richest nations in the world will be one of the poorest. Was it for this that fifteen hundred thousand Frenchmen perished, and that six hundred thousand others were crippled? The era of shameless speculation is at an end; the hour of honorable labor is at hand.

La Dépêche de Toulouse

NATIONALIZATION

BY HAROLD COX

The war has given an immense impetus to schemes of State Socialism, partly because the State has necessarily had to assume a more active part in the control of industry during war than in peace, and partly because the higher scale of wages which has been paid out of borrowed money to State employees, has popularized the idea that State management would mean unlimited wealth for wage earners. The essential doctrine of State Socialism is that all the means of production and distribution are to be 'nationalized.' In other words, all the industrial and commercial property now privately owned is to become the property of the national government, and all the industrial and commercial activities of the community are to be directed and controlled by the national government.

The idea of nationalization rules out, for example, such a scheme as has been put forward in the United States for the working of railways on coöperative lines. Nor does it cover schemes for amalgamating different railway companies so as to secure the elimination of unnecessary competition subject to State control of rates and fares to protect the general public. Such schemes of amalgamation would quite conceivably work well both in Great Britain and Ireland, provided experi-

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enced railway managers remained in control. Provision might also be made in such schemes for sharing all profits between railway shareholders, railway employees, and the general body of taxpayers, on some such principle as that which has long been in operation in connection with the gas companies. On these lines a good many problems might perhaps be solved in a very satisfactory manner. But that is not nationalization. Nationalization means the absolute transference of the railway system, or whatever other industry may be concerned, to the national government, to be controlled by the ordinary machinery of that government.

What is that machinery? It consists in our own country essentially of two parts, a body of permanent officials and a body of politicians. The permanent officials in England have hitherto been a comparatively small number of persons with rather a high standard of academic training. Their honesty has been beyond question, but their knowledge of matters outside their university education and experiences acquired within the four rather thick walls of a Government Department has been limited. The body of politicians consists primarily of the House of Commons and of its subsidiary mechanism of party caucuses and local constituencies.

In practice in this country the bureaucrats and the politicians are constantly reacting upon one another. As long as the bureaucracy is left in peace it will go its own way, and that way, though encumbered by countless obstacles created by the bureaucrats themselves, will often point in the direction of the permanent interests of the nation, if that does not happen to conflict with some departmental interest. At any moment, however, the bureaucracy is liable to be overruled by political influences. Any Member of Parliament may ask almost any question in the House of Commons about the details or the principles of official administration, and a great deal of the time of the departments is taken up in answering these questions. More serious still is the fact that at any moment some big political influence, such as a labor demand, may be brought to bear upon the politicians who form the Ministry of the day, and in obedience to this demand a policy which had been adopted by the bureaucrats from the point of view of the permanent interests of the State may be deflected to satisfy the momentary interest of the politician.

It may be, indeed, accepted, that if any industry is nationalized it must become subject to those forces which direct the national government, and in the final resort those forces are political. In the case of such an organization as an army or navy the effect of politics upon control is comparatively unimportant. For the one purpose of the army or navy is to serve collective national needs, and these are so dominant that mere political interests are comparatively powerless. Even so, however, the House of Commons has year after year witnessed the unpleasant spectacle of a large part of the time devoted, say, to naval estimates being occupied by members for dockyard constituencies pleading solely for the private interests of their own constituents.

When, however, we pass from undertakings which have necessarily a national end to those which have primarily a commercial end, the opportunities for the dominance of private motives through political action become immensely increased. The essential purpose of a railway is to enable private persons to obtain transport for themselves or for their goods. The price charged by the railway for these services is a matter of very important

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interest to the individuals using the railway, and one of the most difficult and delicate parts of railway management is the regulation of rates and fares, but especially of rates. A private railway company in fixing rates is guided by purely commercial motives. But nobody can foretell by what motives a national government would be guided in dealing with the same difficult problem. It might happen that the political influence in a particular constituency was so strong as to secure special favors for that constituency at the expense of the general system. This has occurred constantly with Australian State railways, where constituencies with large voting powers have been able to win concessions to which they had no moral or commercial or national claim.

A graver danger remains. The fixing of rates must very often be a private matter affecting individual firms, and in such a case the firms concerned will have a distinct motive for, at any rate, offering bribes to the officials who determine the rates. It is obviously more difficult to prevent the abuse of bribery in a gigantic national undertaking with the imaginary bottomless purse of the taxpayer behind it than it is with a private company where the directors or their immediate servants are watching finance with a view to earning dividends. In addition to this commercial check on the possible dishonesty of employees there is in the management of railways under present conditions a further check owing to the competition of other forms of transport. Railway directors must fix rates so as to compete with coastwise sea carriage and carriage by road, and the rivalry of these different elements of communication gives an enormous protection to the trader. It is significant that in the Bill now before Parliament to establish a Ministry of Ways and Communications it is proposed to abolish this protection to the trader.

The demand by State officials for a monopoly is, as past experience of State enterprises shows, an essential factor of government schemes of nationalization. When the idea of taking over the telegraphs was first put forward, it was proposed that the State, as represented by the Post Office, should take over existing telegraph companies, leaving individual citizens free to start competing services. But as the Bill was passing through the House of Commons a clause was inserted at the last moment giving the Post Office an absolute monopoly. The clause was drafted in such a way that, as subsequently construed in the courts of law, it enabled the Post Office to prevent the development of telephones in order to protect its monopoly in telegraphs. That is the principal reason why the telephone system of the United Kingdom was developed so much more slowly than the telephone system of the United States. To demand a monopoly is itself a confession of incompetence. A man who knows that he is capable of running an undertaking efficiently is willing to face competition. The State knows that its work will be relatively inefficient and, therefore, it always demands a monopoly. It may, indeed, be said that where there is no monopoly the State can always be beaten.

This relative inefficiency of State management is not due solely to the political influences which constantly interfere with sound commercial management. It is also due to the inherent vices of a State bureaucracy. Among these vices one of the most serious is the needless multiplication of formalities. Here is an example taken from French experience. The Western Rail-

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way of France was taken over by the State on January 1, 1909. At that date there were 1,526 employees in the central administration and in the central traffic department. By 1912 the number of employees in these departments had risen to 2,587. This increase in the central staff was no doubt partly due to political pressure, every member of the Chamber of Deputies welcoming the opportunity of finding jobs for constituents. In addition, however, the increase was due to the red tape methods which all governments adopt. As long as the railway was managed by a private company only one copy was made of all documents; as soon as the State took control all documents were copied in triplicate. A very similar experience is recorded of the Swiss State Railways.

An even worse defect of bureaucratic administration is the impossibility of dismissing incompetent officials. However grossly incompetent a civil servant may be, he cannot be dismissed unless he publicly commits some flagrantly immoral or criminal act. As a result, no fear of punishment hangs over the head of the civil servant to prevent him from neglecting his duty to his paymaster, the nation. Equally has he no hope of reward for patient industry or for specially meritorious service. Again, in actual working the bureaucracy tends always to look upon every question first of all from the departmental point of view, and that is the main cause of the continuance, year after year, of expensive departments which are rendering no real service to the nation.

The evils of bureaucracy are, however, on the whole less serious than the evils of politics in the control of industrial concerns. Before the war Prussia possessed a highly efficient bureaucracy, which was in effect uncontrolled by the Reichstag or by any other political influences, and as a consequence Prussia was able to make her State railway system a success. None of the other German States was equally successful, and in no other country in the world has State railway management produced comparable results. In our own case it is certain that a democratic Parliament would never give to any bureaucracy that complete power of control which is necessary for the successful management of a commerical undertaking. Political influences, many of them of a grossly corrupt character, would certainly intervene. The fundamental reason why State management of commercial undertakings fails is because nationalization misuses human motives. Where an undertaking is being managed by commercial men, the selfish motives of mankind are frankly avowed, and the machinery of commerce so works that in the long run the frank pursuit of private gain operates to the public advantage. But when politicians and bureaucrats are placed in control of commercial or industrial undertakings they are supposed to work solely for the advantage of the nation. That is too great a strain to place on human nature.

The Times

THE PART OF COAL AND IRON IN A FRENCH PEACE

In *Le Fer et le Charbon, Conditions de la Paix Future*, M. H. Paulin gives a useful survey of the main economic question at issue between France and Germany — which is intimately bound up not only with the problem of reparation, but also with the even more vital problem of effective guaranties against future war. As the German industrialists pointed out in their famous declaration of December 8, 1917, Ger-

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many, though immensely rich in coal, is likely to exhaust her other main mineral resources in fifty years. Hence the temptation presented by the rich deposits of Briey and Luxemburg.

In a nutshell, the essential facts are these. If France could at the beginning of the war have occupied and held the minefields of Lorraine, Germany, docked of her ordinary imports, would not have been able to continue the war: and if this result can be produced by the terms of peace, it will make a resumption of aggression infinitely more difficult. Conversely, if Germany could have obtained permanent possession of the Briey and Longwy districts, France would have sunk into complete economic vassalage. No peace will be really satisfactory which does not provide France with absolute guaranties in the economic field.

As M. Paulin points out, France is not likely to be in a position after the war to supply Germany with anything like her pre-war exports of iron (in 1913 she sent 3,811,000 tons from France itself and 617,000 from Algeria and Tunis). The territorial changes of the war will transform the whole economic position of the two countries: for the iron produced by Germany in 1913 fell into the following categories:

	Tons
Lorraine	21,136,000
Luxemburg	7,333,000
Germany proper	7,472,000
	35,941,000

and of this three quarters will now fall to France. Moreover, Germany imported an additional 14,000,000 tons: and it is more than doubtful whether she will be able to continue this in the future. 'The return of Alsace-Lorraine to France,' writes M. Paulin, 'will, as its first effect, considerably reduce Germany's output and force her to resort to foreign countries in proportions and conditions which at present seem intolerable to her. This is more easily understood if we realize that the situation of the mining industry will be radically transformed in all countries. Being no longer able to count much on her former suppliers — Spain, whose deposits are getting exhausted; Sweden who shows signs of reserving for the iron industry which she has herself created, and is still creating, the four or five million tons which she used to send every year to Germany — the latter will have to turn to her enemies of to-day, above all to France, whose iron production will have risen considerably owing to the exploitation of her western deposits, and perhaps also those of French Guinea. This perspective, which would turn Germany, despite her coal, into the humbled client of France, explains the zeal with which Germany's rulers would fain eliminate from the peace discussion the return of the Thionville basin to France.' The restitution of Alsace-Lorraine has the further important economic effect of transferring from Germany to France large deposits of potash, estimated at 700,000,000 square metres of utilizable salts and 300,000,000 square metres of pure potash.

But M. Paulin goes on to argue that all this does not by any means suffice to redress the balance in favor of France. The coal problem for France is one of immense difficulty, and is complicated by the systematic destruction of industries perpetrated by the Germans in the invaded districts and in Belgium. Before the war her consumption of coal was as follows:

	Per cent
Coal mines	8.2
Metallurgy	17.9
Railways	14.8
Navy	2.1
Gas factories	7.6
Industries	30.0
Private houses	19.4

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Her coal deficit was made good by importing from England 11,442,000 tons, from Germany 6,072,000, and from Belgium 4,859,000.

It will obviously be a considerable time before the output of the French coal trade reverts to pre-war standards, and the shortage will tend to be all the greater because the factories of the two redeemed provinces will now no longer depend upon Germany for their coal. Nor would it be safe to rely too much upon England for the importation of coal, since the latter, quite apart from her own needs, will be bound to help Belgium to her feet by prompt supplies, and to guarantee to neutrals, such as Holland and Switzerland, their independence against Germany. He then proceeds to discuss the Sarre basin in terms of minerals. With a total area of 155,500 hectares, it yielded 17,013,014 tons of coal, or 8 per cent of the total output of Germany. Its share in the iron industries of Germany is shown by the following table:

	Production of Cast Iron Tons	Steel Tons
Westphalia	8,209,000	10,112,000
Lorraine	3,870,000	2,286,000
Sarre district	1,374,000	2,080,000
Other districts	3,308,000	3,136,000
Total	16,761,000	17,614,000
Luxemburg	2,548,000	1,336,000
	19,309,000	18,950,000

Thus the change produced by transference to France may be summed up as follows:

	Cast Iron Tons.	Steel Tons
France	5,320,000	4,640,000
Alsace-Lorraine	3,900,000	2,290,000
Sarre Basin	1,380,000	2,080,000
Total	10,600,000	9,010,000

Germany's production of cast iron and steel would thus be reduced to 6,161,000 and 8,604,000 tons respectively.

It is obvious that the author would like to see the annexation of the Sarre basin to France, but that he is conscious of the objections to such a course, With the two conditions which he lays down as essential — that Germany must be made to supply French industry with such coal as it may require to make good the systematic injuries of the last four years, and that the Allied supply of mineral products to Germany must be limited to what is needed for maintaining German industries, 'to the exclusion of factories devoted to the manufacture of engines and munitions of war' — no one is likely to disagree. British opinion is not likely to accept willingly the idea of *annexing* the Sarre Basin to France; but it is probable that a satisfactory compromise can be found by which the Sarre can be held as a gauge for the indemnification of French industry during a certain period of years. It is becoming more and more obvious that the problem of security cannot be solved, and may even be aggravated or endangered, by mere transfers of territory, and that in many cases — and notably in that of the Sarre — the key is to be sought in economic arrangements.

The New Europe

THE SITUATION IN FRENCH EXCHANGE

A VERY serious situation in French exchange has been created here as the result of the apparent decision taken by the British Treasury to refuse to extend existing credits. It has long been recognized here that once the artificial maintenance of the exchange was dropped there would be an immediate fall in value of the French franc. This has occurred with somewhat startling rapidity. Quite recently the Banque de France suddenly in-

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formed bankers that they could only have a small fraction of the sterling they required, and later they were bluntly told that there was no more sterling available for commercial payments. M. Klotz by his declarations as to levying a 20 per cent tax on capital had already caused grave uneasiness. The sudden withdrawal of a continuance of the credits in England knocked the bottom out of the French exchange market, and the British pound rose by as much as 1*f.* 50*c.* It is certainly unfortunate that effective steps were not taken to produce a steadying effect. The present situation of France is one that must cause considerable anxiety, and it may perhaps be of interest to indicate other reasons which are involved. Firstly, there is the loss of population and factory disorganization; secondly, there is the ruin of the northern territories of the country; thirdly, the vast debt and the greatly inflated paper issue; fourthly, the French Government has as yet not established a Budget that will meet its liabilities; fifthly, even the taxes that have been imposed have in many cases not been collected; sixthly, owing to fear of attacks on capital and the consequent feeling of insecurity, there is a renewed tendency to hoard money, and a consequent falling off in investment and in the restarting of industrial and commercial enterprise; and, lastly, a very harassing policy, harassing both to British exporters and French consumers, has been adopted as regards imports. The latter four of these factors are to some extent remediable, but at present France is looking to a somewhat disquieting extent to an indemnity from Germany to meet the claims of her Budget. Neither England nor the United States, to whom France is a heavy debtor, are budgeting with their eyes on a German indemnity. As the situation stands at present it seems, therefore, natural that further credits should not be granted until some determined effort has been made by France to meet the situation. The French press not unnaturally is pointing out the deplorable result of the action taken by Great Britain, and suggests that it will force France to turn to America for financial aid, and that America will become the great exporting country to France. What I have learned by inquiry in American business circles here is that in their view it is impossible for American firms to deal on a large scale with France, as the same policy of restricting imports has been followed with both countries. Nor does there seem any reason to believe that America will be prepared to open credits to France on other terms than those which would commend themselves to Great Britain. It is conceivable that the solution may be found in the eventual floating of a consolidating loan guaranteed both by Great Britain and America, who, as creditor countries, have every object in aiding the return of France to a more normal condition financially.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

A CONRAD PLAY

'VICTORY,' *a Dramatization in Three Acts, by B. Macdonald Hastings, of Joseph Conrad's novel. Produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on Wednesday evening, March 26, 1919.*

'This island is getting on my nerves,' complained Ricardo. The island is the lonely home of Heyst, to which he has brought the unhappy Lena, the one pure girl of the ladies' orchestra with which the infamous Zangiacomo is touring the South Seas. Lena is in love with Heyst, and the problem is how he is to be brought to love her. His reason for carrying her off with him is that she is exposed to the odious attentions of the German hotel keeper Schomberg, and to the ruffianly embraces of Ricardo, the Caliban-like Secretary of a curious person called Jones, to say nothing of other minor scoundrels of whom we only hear.

It was not till the third act that Ricardo made the above remark. The play had been getting on the audience's nerves long before that, and was to get on them still worse before the evening was out. For Jones is indeed the cadaverous bird of prey he looks. He is mad, and resolved to avenge himself on his fellow men with cards, revolvers, or anything else that comes handy. But he cannot bear the sight of a woman. His secretary prefers to settle his little accounts with the knife that he keeps in his boot and is not the sort of fellow any girl should care to meet in a dark lane. He, too, is insane, but on more 'democratic' lines than his master, who has traces of breeding. The Jones party is completed by Pedro, who is less a man than a monkey of a low order of simian intelligence.

Heyst is reputed to have a hoard of gold on his island, and the Jones party follow him thither from Java that they may possess themselves of it. But while Ricardo smacks his foul lips as he thinks of Lena, Jones is not told of her existence. He thinks almost kindly of Heyst since he takes him to be a woman hater like himself. Hence when the three arrive, while Jones is thinking of Heyst, Ricardo's mind is running on the abduction of the girl. The result is a story too complicated to be told, but involving both blood and thunder. It is not till Jones has been shot dead by Heyst's inscrutable Chinese servant, and his two accomplices are also weltering in their gore, that a happy ending is attained, and Heyst discovers that he is now in love with Lena who, in the play, appears to be none the worse for all she has gone through.

The play has distinction; there is no doubt of that. But it is not the kind of distinction one wants in a theatre. The subtle analysis of the lovers' feelings eludes the rough grasp of the stage, and what does come through of them is shouted down by the terrifying happenings. These happenings, again in the book attractively eerie, are brutalized by translation into the terms of flesh and blood. And so in Ricardo's words the island gets on our nerves and neither heart nor head has much of a look in. For assuming that nerves are a fair objective in the theatre it is best to avoid long attacks on them, as the Grand Guignol well knows.

Good is made, not better, but worse not only by Mr. Macdonald Hastings, but by Miss Marie Löhr, whose agonies as Lena are most distressing. The feature of the performance is the sympathetic Heyst of Mr. Murray Carrington, an Old Bensonian, who unites much of the mild grace of Mr. Owen Nares with some of the fervor of Mr. Henry Ainley. Mr. W. Gayer Mackay makes a fascinatingly horrible creature of Jones, compared with whom Sherlock Holmes is robust and floridly genial, Mr. Sam Livesey as Ricardo is as ugly a customer as the stage has seen for years, while Mr. George Elton is clever as the impassive Chinaman. The reception was favorable, and would have been more so but that the play had got on one's nerves.

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THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

THE *Corriere d'Italia* published recently the following note on the Holy Father and the Peace Conference:

An 'authoritative' political personage, who, however, prefers to remain anonymous, has written at some length in the *Tribuna* on the subject of the Italian Popular Party. Regarding one part of what he has to say a correction is necessary. The anonymous writer states: 'The Pope aspired to enter into the Peace Conference and it was not his fault that he did not succeed.' We have no hesitation in saying that that is utterly untrue. After the first months of war the Vatican considered very seriously the action it might have to take when it became necessary for the powers to treat of peace. The line of conduct which, after mature deliberation, it laid down for itself was the following. In case of a peace by agreement it would have intervened willingly, if invited, with the intention of contributing to the work of reconciliation between the contending powers. On the other hand, in the case of absolute victory of one of the two sides, and, therefore, of the imposition of peace by the conqueror on the conquered, inasmuch as this, whatever concrete form it might take, would necessarily be hateful (*odiosa*) to the side which had yielded, it determined that even if it was invited it would decline the invitation. This determination, the exactitude of which we are in a position to guarantee, dates, as we have said, from the early days of the war, that is, the time when there seemed to be the greatest probability of an absolute victory of the Central Empires. The Pope, then, was reluctant to take any part in an eventual humiliation of the nations of the Entente. The Holy See, it is true, was very grieved by Article XV of the London Agreement because, being formulated exclusively against it, it thereby carried an injustice. But as far as the intentions of that clause are concerned, it is evident from what we have said above that they had no actual effect whatever. As to the existing facts, we are able to add that as the Paris Conference never intended to admit powers that have not taken part in the war, the intervention of the Holy See has never been considered or discussed.

WITHOUT SECURITY

IN the March retreat, when communications with the rear had become precarious, the C.O. of a certain C.C.S. was waiting at night for the order to retire. At 3 A.M. an orderly appeared with the usual small envelope 'by D.R. from D.M.S., Sir.' 'Thank God!' said the C.O., and then read, 'No Jews may be given permission to attend the Passover this year'!

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA FOR 1919

COMPILERS of year books and reference books have been sorely tried by the kaleidoscopic changes of the past twelve months. The editors of the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1919, however, must be given a place apart among the victims of unstable circumstances. Their difficulties are but mildly expressed in their apologetic statement that 'The dismemberment of Austria and the transformation of twenty-two German States into as many Republics interrupted our labors as we were going to press.' Now the least of these difficulties has been the choice of designations for the fallen potentates, which should not offend foreign susceptibilities. Thus in the French edition, *Ci-devant* has been found a blessed phrase, and Gallic prejudices are further considered in the case of the All-Highest and his first begotten by laying stress on their subsidiary qualifications. The ex-Kaiser is referred to as Doctor of Law, Medicine, and Science, and only in conclusion as Grand Admiral and Field Marshal: while the ex-Crown Prince is given a claim to distinction as a Veterinary Surgeon. After all, things might have been worse. Frederick William Victor August Ernst of Prussia might, for instance, have been awarded a diploma for household removals.

A NEW ABBEY THEATRE PLAY

THERE are signs that the same spirit of criticism which applied itself to the methods of the old Parliamentary party begins now to bite on Sinn Fein. At the Abbey Theatre, which under Mr. Yeats's guidance has become the home of unregimented thought, a play was produced recently, called *The*

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Rebellion in Ballycullen, which dealt drastically enough with the insincerities of Sinn Fein and the tyranny of the crowd in places small enough for the crowd to be all-powerful. The play as a play was no great thing; but it was the work of an intelligent mind, fiercely in revolt, which saw clearly that Sinn Fein was a fashion, that it paid to be in the fashion, that it was dangerous to be out of it, and that very few in Ireland had courage to face that danger. The sincere idealist was presented; but when all was said, the only thing he could do for Ireland was to die and redeem the rest by the sincerity of his sacrifice. The only other way of service was to write unpopular truths. 'They must all be writing or fighting,' said the mother — a dejected incarnation of Ireland, a realist *shan van vocht*.

AN APOCRYPHAL STORY OF LLOYD GEORGE

THE Prime Minister must be wishing he could cut himself in two, and be in London and in Paris at the same time. Apparently, we have nobody to whom any of his work can be delegated. His versatility is wonderful, and the variety of problems in which he is the main figure just now recalls a story of his youth, which may be apocryphal, but comes from a fellow Welshman. When young Lloyd George was about fourteen, his guardian uncle, Richard Lloyd, was puzzled what to make of him. To help him in choosing a career for the lad he put him in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a shilling. If the boy chose the Bible he was to be a parson, if the apple he was to go into horticulture, and if the shilling he was to be a lawyer. When the uncle went into the room some time after he found young David seated on the Bible, eating the apple, *having painted the shilling to look like a sovereign*.

THE BOOK WORLD OF PARIS

THE dominant note in the Paris book world to-day is the passing of the war book. French readers have had enough of it. And young French writers, home from the front with war diaries in their pockets, are deciding to keep them there — for a while, at least.

Works of pure imagination, literary biography, studies of the multitudinous social and international problems that arise out of the war, are now the vogue.

Among imaginative works, one widely read is Pierre Mille's *Nasr' Eddine et son Épouse*, a story of Constantinople in the fifteenth century, told with the author's never-failing gusto and Gallic wit. Other novels enjoying considerable popularity are Marguerite Comert's *Éros Rédempteur*, Léon de Tinseau's *Le Secret de Lady Marie*, Pierre Veber's *L'Homme qui vendit son âme au Diable*

Anatolians are glad to welcome in volume the recollections entitled *Le Petit Pierre*, which M. France published in *La Revue de Paris*. Still more, I am told, are to follow.

Marcelle Tinayre has just completed three tales, also to appear in that periodical, under the title of *Les Lampes voilées*. Though the stories are distinct, the same psychological motif runs through them all. It is the divergence between the inner and the outer life; the life of the heart in the first tale, of the mind in the second, of the soul in the third. In each case, so completely is the lamp veiled that the outer world never guesses its existence. This is precisely the kind of subject in which Mme. Tinayre is at her best; and her readers will eagerly look forward to this trilogy of stories.

A novel about which everyone is talking just now is by no means a new one, nor is it even French. But it is arousing more interest in France than in the country of its origin of late. For though English literary people read and admire *Moll Flanders*, to the general public in England it is little known. In France, however, Marcel Schwob's translation of Defoe's novel, recently reprinted, is enjoying such an enormous success that not the French version only, but the English original, is being displayed in all the Paris shops that sell English books.

DOGS OF WAR

THE public is informed by an advertisement of the ministry of war, that war dogs can be bought in great numbers, or that these animals can be had free. And this advertisement, appearing among others, inspires certain reflections.

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The dogs are demobilized and returned to civil life, that is, masters are being sought for them. But are there many masters for such dogs? Our gratitude should guarantee these servants a sweet and peaceful close of their careers. But do they wish this? What are these dogs like, what kind of a character has three or four years of free, hazardous, and adventurous life given them? Most of them are creatures of war and battle. Not all, however. An officer told us recently that a fox terrier, which was much loved by its battery, had never got accustomed to the cannon shot. He would climb up on the stand of this monster to see it being loaded, but from the moment he was conscious it was going to be fired, he would jump down and hide himself in a kennel; after the shot, however, he would come back with a free and easy manner. Others listened to the cannon without trembling, took part in the attacks, helped in the rescue of wounded soldiers, and lived the life of the cantonment. Perhaps they have grown accustomed to this elating liberty. Suppose their intelligence, which Descartes called instinct, should recall the strange and powerful charm of this perilous existence? What then! After so many adventures, a collar around the neck, a muzzle or a pillow in a nice, warm kitchen? How strange it would be to see, in the sombre eyes of one of these dogs of war lying before our hearth fire, a look, a half human look, of regret for the past.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF SPAIN

THE Barcelona journal *Vanguardia* sounds a note of warning against the danger, very real in the writer's opinion, of the capture by foreigners of the natural wealth of Spain, and of her virtually becoming a colony of the United States.

A commercial invasion from that country forms a frequent topic of conversation in Barcelona just now. This is no mere rumor. That the Americans intend to establish in Spain one of their most lucrative markets, and to work to their advantage the neglected wealth of its soil is proved by the recent establishment of a number of American banks, by the daily opening of branches of leading New York houses, and by schemes for the construction of railways, to be managed from the other side of the Atlantic. The Pizarros and the Cortes of this conquest of Spain by America are affable managers, who are bringing in their train an army of commercial travelers, foremen, engineers, and clerks. With very few exceptions, Spaniards regard this invasion with indifference, if not with actual approval, arguing that industries once set up in the country will remain there, supply work, and cause money to circulate. Let the Yankees come by all means they say. There is a tendency among the majority either to enjoy or hoard money made during the war and to leave the development of national resources to foreign capital. As a result of the influx of wealth due to the war may be noted the increase of theatres, music halls, and luxuries of all kinds.

The danger of national enterprises falling into the hands of foreign capitalists is indicated by the Premier, Count Romanones, who, in the course of a discussion in the Senate of a Bill for the construction of a railway from the French frontier direct to Algeciras, urged that the scheme should be carried through with native capital to the exclusion of foreign capital.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JULIET

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR: A friend tells me that she read a literary note recently calling attention to Shakespeare's false psychology in the scene in which the nurse enters to Juliet, crying, 'He is dead, he is dead!' Juliet, thinking that it is Romeo who is dead, pours forth her grief in a whirl of unrestrained passion, and when she hears it is not Romeo who is killed, but Tybalt, without pause she breaks forth into another lamentation almost as violent for her kinsman's death.

My reason for writing to you about this note is that some years ago I delivered a lecture on Shakespeare and Balzac in Paris. I am now publishing this lecture in my new book, with many comments, and one of my comments is that Balzac would not have allowed Juliet to grieve for Tybalt; that his sense of the scene would have been, first, that having expressed her grief once she could not express it again; secondly, her joy

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that her lover has escaped would leave her without words to tell what she feels for Tybalt's death.

It is, of course, possible that another may have been struck within the last few weeks by what seemed to him a piece of false psychology in a scene that has, to my knowledge at least, escaped adverse criticism, and the coincidence may have been even more remarkable; he may have been moved to think of Balzac in connection with Shakespeare just as I was. But in view of the fact that I am always chattering about what I read and write, it is more likely that some of my table talk has got into print. I bear no ill will to the anonymous writer of the note, but I shall be glad if you will allow me to claim priority, if, indeed, a claim of priority can be established.

The criticism is not one of great importance, whether it be new or old, but it is one of more importance to me than to anybody else, for it forms part of a train of thought that I indulged in as I returned to my hotel after the lecture, and this criticism and some others of the same kind are, new or old, personal to me, and come from reading Shakespeare's texts, and not from reading other people's glosses.

You will understand this, I am sure, and will do me the kindness to print this letter.

Yours very truly,
George Moore.

London
March 3, 1919.

FRENCH PEASANTS

'THE soil,' said M. le Curé, summing up the characteristics of his parish, 'is hard; it yields with difficulty; it exacts much labor; nevertheless, it is good soil and it repays. The soil has moulded the character of the people; it has made them hard like itself, because they have to struggle with it; and, for the same reason, industrious; and, because it is rich and yields in the end, greedy.'

That they are industrious there can be no manner of question. If you wake at half-past three on a May morning, when the first pallid light is beginning to spread, you will hear the shutters being pushed back and the households stirring from their beds. People are out and working before the swallows have begun to twitter. First the cows are milked and the poultry fed; then comes the serious toil of the day, in the fields at the hay or at the corn or at the beetroot; and as the farmhouse is in the village and the fields often a mile or two out in the country, the labor of transit has also to be thought of. *La soupe* at eleven o'clock, generally a most frugal meal, makes a break, and sometimes for the elderly follows an hour of slumber. Then toil begins again, to cease only with the fading of the light. All ages work; Charlotte in the village of Scrupt, a pretty creature of fourteen, whose master was a prisoner in Germany and whose mistress was encumbered by the possession of two small children, drove a complicated reaping machine and was solely responsible for the cows and horses of the farm. La Zezette of Etrepy, aged over eighty, who had seen the war of 1870 as a middle-aged woman, wept one morning because, an indisposition keeping her in bed, she could not do the *ménage*. 'I am useless: I cannot work,' she kept repeating. Work is the great necessity and the great end. 'Before the war we were tranquil and we worked'; how often the phrase is on their lips! And again that other phrase: 'If only this tiresome war were over and we could get back to work!' There is something really magnificent in their industry.

But they are hard — hard and matter-of-fact. It would be difficult to imagine a people with less sentiment, less romance in them. They see no visions and they dream no dreams. They do not even sing any songs. Peasants in the south, working in vineyards, and olive gardens, sing continuously; the English ploughboy whistles o'er the lea; but in those great, flat fields between the lines of communal apple trees the peasants of the Marne plod without a note of music. The festivals of the Church, it is true, bring a little diversity into their lives, a touch of color, an element of mysticism; but these festivals are a survival from the past; they do not in any way emanate from the life of the day. Nor does romance reach them through books; in the Marne they can read; but they have no books. They read the newspapers; chiefly the *Petit Parisien*,

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the *Echo de la Marne*, and, if they are not free thinkers, *La Croix;* beyond these, they have no literary interests.

Their materialism makes them greedy. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that it makes them avaricious; for it is hardly possible to call a people so frugal in their manner of life, greedy. The most important things in life, so they argue, are material things: bank accounts and houses and furniture and farm stock and implements; therefore, with all our getting let us get these things, *coûte que coûte*, and hoard them up. The German invasion hit them in their tenderest place. They really lost everything, because they lost all that they valued. It was a punishment on them for setting up store on earth; especially that part of earth which happened to be near the Prussians, a much swifter and more deadly scourge than moth and rust.

SIR REDVERS BULLER'S GHOST STORY

To the Editor of the Spectator.

SIR: I read with much interest in the *Spectator* of March 8 the account of Lady Ritchie's ghost story. It reminded me so curiously of the incident in the life of my husband, Sir Redvers Buller, that I venture to send you the following particulars. Some time after the Franco-German War of 1870, Sir Redvers (then Captain Buller) left England to visit the battle fields, and on arriving at the town of —— gave directions that his letters should not be forwarded, and started on his tour of inspection. After he had been away some days, he awoke suddenly one night, thinking he saw Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet), and that he heard him say: 'I wonder where that fellow Buller is. I can't think why he has not answered my letter.' This so impressed him that he returned at once to the town of —— where he found a letter awaiting him from Lord Wolseley, saying that he must return to London immediately, as an expedition against the Ashantees was imminent. I thought possibly that some of your readers might be interested in what I have related. — I am, Sir, etc.,

Audrey Buller.

Newton House,
Newton St. Cyres, Devonshire.

TROTZKY'S NAVAL PREPARATIONS

TROTZKY has ordered the mobilization of the torpedo division on the Neva, and the guns of the boats have already been put in good order.

The Dreadnoughts Petropavlovsk and Andrei Pervosvannyi were ordered to Kronstadt, but their turbines are worn out, their furnaces are in like condition, there is no naphtha, and the warships found the journey impossible. They could only steam at 16 knots, instead of their supposed speed of 23 knots. All the copper on the vessels which could be carried off has been stolen.

It is said that not more than 7 per cent of the sailors are Bolsheviki, and Captain Zelenoy, the Commandant of the Fleet, decreed the expulsion from Kronstadt of 4,000 anti-Bolshevik seamen. This news caused great disturbances at Kronstadt, and the seamen declared their intention to resist by force any attempt to put the decree into execution.

The soviet forces appear to make little progress toward Odessa, and there is no intention on the part of the Allies to evacuate that port.

THE NEW WESTMINSTER BELLS

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is to have a new chime of bells to ring in the peace. They are being cast in Messrs. Mears and Stainbank's foundry in the Whitechapel Road, where London bells have been cast since the sixteenth century — one of the oldest in the line of London industries.

The King and Queen went down to Whitechapel recently to see the casting of one of the new Abbey bells — the third in the octave — weighing nine and a half hundred-weight. A little bell was cast from the same metal to be given to the King and Queen as a memento.

Some interesting historical bells were shown. Among these was the bell of Staplehurst Parish Church, which was cast in Whitechapel in 1594, and has now been sent to the same firm for recasting, three centuries later. Big Ben was born in this foundry about half a century ago.

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A RUPERT BROOKE MEMORIAL

THE Rupert Brooke memorial unveiled in Rugby School Chapel is a gratifying tribute to the poet's memory.

It is not, of course, the first memorial; nor should it be the last. When the mortal remains of Brooke were lowered into their resting place, in that eastern classic island, his friend young Charles Lister stayed behind and covered the mound with pieces of unhewn marble, carrying and fetching till he had erected a rough cairn monument. To this a cross was later added. As for the future, may we not look to a memorial in the neighborhood of his beloved Grantchester, or Cambridge?

RECRUITING IN THE PAST

THE phraseology of the advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Post*, inviting men to join the colors, is very different from that formerly adopted. A copy of an old recruiting poster issued in behalf of the 69th Regiment (now the 2d Battalion Welsh Regiment) announced that the regiment was commanded by General Cuyler, 'an officer to whose distinguished merit no language can do justice.' After setting out the advantages to be gained from joining the 69th Foot, the poster ends: 'You will find me ready to receive you with a bottle of wine in one hand and sixteen guineas in the other, and before you join our regiment I intend to treat you with a supper and ball, when you may have the enthusiastic pleasure of dancing with the object of your affection.' Another old recruiting poster of the Black Watch started off with the following prominent headlines:

'India Forever!
5 Shillings a Day, and a Black Servant.
God Prosper the 73d or Old Mangalore Regiment.

Brave, bold, and undaunted young Heroes of the Militia, remember your Pay in India. Five Shillings a day, and every man a Black Servant. Hasten to the Tower of London, where you will be welcomed and received into the ranks of the 73d, the flashing, flaming, fighting, Old Mangalores. God Save the King.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Guglielmo Ferrero, scholar, man of letters, and historian of Rome, is perhaps the most widely read of the modern Italian writers and thinkers.

* * *

Hilaire Belloc is the editor of *Land and Water* and the author of a number of distinguished books of history and criticism.

* * *

J. O. P. Bland, author and diplomatist, is well known as an authority on Far Eastern questions. Readers may recall his very successful *China Under the Empress Dowager*.

* * *

The charming *Sussex Sketches* of **Sheila Kaye-Smith** are day by day reaching larger audiences.

* * *

R. Ellis Roberts is a critic and a writer of books of travel. THE LIVING AGE recently published his pleasant study of Booth Tarkington.

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THE ARRAS ROAD

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

Forlorn, the night drops on the plain
In cloud and desolating rain.
I see no more, but feel around
The ruined earth, the wounded ground.

There in the dark, on either side
The road, are all the brave who died.
I think not on the battles won;
I think on those whose day is done.

Heaped mud, blear pool, old rusted wire,
Cover their youth and young desire.
I feel them near, and they to me
Are dearer than their victory.

II

Where now are those who once had peace
Here, and the fruitful tilth's increase?
Stricken and shapeless, all they made,
And the orchard where their children played!

Yet night, that brings the darkness, brings
The heart back to its dearest things.
I feel old footsteps plodding slow
On ways that they were used to know.

And from my own land, past the strait,
From homes that no more news await,
I feel absenting thoughts come flying
To the unknown earth where love is lying.

There are no stars to-night, but who
Knows what far eyes of lovers true,
In star-like vigil, each alone,
Are watching here above their own?

III

England and France unconscious tryst
Keep in this void of shadowy mist,
By phantom Vimy, and mounds that tell
Of ghostliness that was Gavrelle.

The rain comes wildly down, to drench
Disfeatured ridge and crumbled trench
Guns in the night, far, far away,
Thud on the front, beyond Cambrai.

But here the night is holy, and here
I will remember, and draw near,
And for a space, till night be sped,
Be with the beauty of the dead.

The Anglo-French Review

NOCTURNE

BY C. DELISLE BURNS

The wind among the pines,
The nightjar's bitter note, the edge
Of distant hills against the sky —
A drift of clouds about the rising moon,
Stars in the dim blue, burning
Silently, coldly —
It is the night.

Is it laughter?
Or is there sorrow only in it all?
Small or great, yet I am here in the midst,
Laughing sometimes, sometimes crying,
Made by no wish of mine, for no purpose known,
Made for some cruel jest or for some high end,
Made to be unmade soon;
Among such nights as this,
Such music sounding,
Such hills, such stars watching —
Such drifting clouds half lighted —
Made questioning.

Yet all these pass,
And though I cry they hear me not,
Though I am slain they see not.
No answer comes from them:
Their eyes are bent beyond.

The Athenæum

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